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# [Little Rock] Weekly Arkansas Gazette, June 1860-August 1863

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[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE

June 16, 1860 – August 29, 1863

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, June 16, 1860, p. 1, c. 1

165 Louisiana  
Steam Clothing Manufactory,  
Canal Street, 167  
New Orleans.

The subscribers respectfully inform their numerous customers and the Planters in general, that they are always prepared to furnish them with

Negro Clothing,

of the very best materials, and at most reasonable prices.

The large patronage they receive from this and neighboring States has induced them to extend their establishment, so as to meet any increase of business, and in order to be able to supply their patrons always with the same and best descriptions of materials, they have made contracts with several of the most prominent manufactories in the South, and shall henceforth be able to supply Planters with goods of uniform quality.

They feel confident that they will give entire satisfaction to all those who may patronize their eminently Southern enterprise, and solicit their orders, which shall receive immediate attention.

Hebrard & Co.

February 11, 1860.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, June 16, 1860, p. 1, c. 2

"Laflin's Gunpowder."  
All Kinds of the Best Premium  
Gun Powder.

American Rifle, Blasting and Cannon Powder, in kegs of 25, 12½ and 6¼ pounds, and in cases of 2 dozen pounds and 2 dozen ½-pound canisters. This celebrated brand for sale by the manufacturers,

Lafkins, Smith & Boies,  
No. 29 Levee, corner of Olive street,  
St. Louis, Mo.

Having supplied the Merchants of St. Louis for the last twenty years, we refer to them generally.

Lafkins, Smith & Boies.  
34-6m.

February 25, 1860

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, June 16, 1860, p. 1, c. 4

Iron Amalgam Bells.  
[illustration]

We take pleasure in directing the attention of those interested, to the annexed Price Lists of our cheap Church, school and Farm Bells, which, it will be observed, are offered at about one-third as much as is usually charged for those of corresponding size and weight, by the manufacturers of brass-composition Bells.

These Bells are composed of an amalgam, in part iron, which, while it is so much cheaper than the metals heretofore employed for the same purpose; yet seems to possess durability and sonorous qualities scarcely inferior to the latter.

Farm, School, Hotel and Shop Bells, fitted with Yoke, standards, and crank complete.

	Price.
16 Inch Bell, with Hangings, weighs      65 lbs.	\$ 6
18 " " " " " "      95 "	9
20 " " " " " "      120 "	12
23 " " " " " "      215 "	20

Church Academy, Fire Alarm, and Steamboat Bells, rigged with Yoke, standards, Tolling Hammer and Wheel.

	Price.
28 Inch Bell, with Hangings, weighs      300 lbs.	\$35
32 " " " " " "      460 "	55
36 " " " " " "      650 "	75
40 " " " " " "      825 "	100
48 " " " " " "      1700 "	175

All Bells Warranted, (new ones given in case of breakage by ringing) for twelve months from date of purchase, and shipped free of charge for drayage, on receipt of price.

Hedges, Free & Co.,  
No. 6 Main Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

April 21, 1860.

42-12w

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, June 16, 1860, p. 2, c. 1

Constitutional Union Ticket.

For President:

John Bell,  
of Tennessee.

For Vice President:

Edward Everett,  
of Massachusetts.

Declaration of Principles.

The Constitution of the Country,  
The Union of the States, and  
The Enforcement of the Laws.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, June 16, 1860, p. 2, c. 3

Where is David P. Scott?—Any person knowing the whereabouts of David P. Scott, will

confer a favor on his wife, Mrs. Emma L. Scott, by writing to her (care of Isaac L. Gifford,) at Tuckertown, New Jersey. Mr. Scott left Black Jack Grove, Hopkins county, Texas, last fall, to come to Arkansas, and has not been heard of since. His wife, is, very naturally, anxious to heard [sic] from him. His occupation is a clerk or school-teacher. He is described as a small delicate looking man, aged about thirty years.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, June 16, 1860, p. 2, c. 6

[Note: caricatures of Hon. Thomas Hubbard, Richard H. Johnson, and Hon. Henry M. Rector, candidates for governor]

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, June 16, 1860, p. 3, c. 6

For the Ladies.

Received by Last Arrivals,--

Organdie Robes;

Lawn "

Printed Lawns;

Black "

Black and White Lawns;

White Brilliante;

Figured Brilliante;

Swiss Mull;

Check Gingham;

Green Veil Barege;

Black, Blue and Pink Barege;

Blue and Canary Tarlton;

Spring and Summer Prints;

Embroidered Book Collars;

Hem-stitched L. C. Handkerchiefs;

Black Fillet Mitts;

Black Lace Pants;

Black Lace Mantillas;

White Barege Mantillas;

Linen and Check Dusters;

Spiral Bustles;

Corsets;

Hoop Skirts;

Hats, trimmed and untrimmed;

Flats and Bloomers;

Hose and Gloves;

Traveling Dress Goods.

And for sale by

M. Osburn.

April 21, 1860.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, June 16, 1860, p. 3, c. 6

Van Haagen & McKeone's  
Oriental  
Detersive Soap!

One pound of this celebrated Washing Soap will go as far as Three Pounds of Common Rosin Soap. It saves half the time and labor; clothes need no boiling or rubbing on a Washboard, and it is warranted to give entire satisfaction, or the money will be refunded.

Von Haagen & McKeone's

"No. 1 Soap," for Scrubbing and Rough Washing, "Extra Pale," and "Chemical Olive Soaps," for general house use, are superior to any other similar Soaps made in the U.S.

Our prices will be found lower than those of any other Manufacturers in the country.  
Circulars and other information furnished by addressing the Sole Agents.

Thain & McKeone,  
No. 22 and 24 South Wharves,  
Philadelphia, PA.

March 24, 1860.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, June 16, 1860, p. 4, c. 2

Card.

To the Ladies of Little Rock and Vicinity.

The subscriber would most respectfully invite the ladies and gentlemen to call at Mr. Henry Jacobi's Book store, where he has on exhibition an assortment of the celebrated Grover and Baker's Sewing Machine.

Also, for sale, Machine Sewing Silk, Sea Island Cotton, (expressly made for heavy sewing,) Knox's Spool Cotton, (the best thread for Sewing Machine use,) Machine Needles, and other articles used with the Sewing Machine.

P. H. Kegler.

N.B.—All kinds of Sewing Machines repaired, and instructions given thereon.  
Orders promptly attended to.  
Office at Jacobi's Book-store.  
September 17, 1859.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, June 16, 1860, p. 4, c. 2

Ladies' Shoes at Mrs. Jacobi's.

Mrs. Jacobi having secured the services of a first-rate Ladies' Shoe-Maker, is prepared to fill all orders in that line, on the shortest notice, and in the most fashionable style.

January 21, 1860.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, June 16, 1860, p. 4, c. 8

Ladies'  
New Shoe, Trimming and Variety Store.

Mrs. Sarah A. Jacobi begs leave to inform the Ladies of Little Rock and vicinity that she has opened a ladies' Shoe, Trimming and Variety Store, next door to Henry Jacobi's Book Store, on Markham street.

She will keep constantly on hand a choice lot of Ladies' and Misses' Gaitors [sic], Toilet and Parlor Slippers, Walking Shoes, &c., &c. Also Children Shoes of all sizes and patterns.

Having herself selected the best materials to be found in Philadelphia and New York, and assisted by superior Eastern workmen, she is confident that the work done at her store will not only be equal to the best ever brought from the East to this market, but will surpass it, as she is determined that no factory work shall leave her establishment.

Her Trimming and Variety Department will also contain everything the Ladies may desire in that line.

The articles are all of the best material and of her own selection.

She has made arrangements with well known Importing Houses in Philadelphia and New York, to be constantly furnished with the latest styles in Dress Goods and Trimmings.

She hopes to receive a portion of the patronage.

Call, see and ask prices, and she is confident all will be satisfied.

August 13, 1859.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, June 23, 1860, p. 2, c. 1

Poll Books—We are now ready to furnish the Clerks of the different counties with a superior article of Poll Book paper.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, June 23, 1860, p. 3, c. 1

Muskets! Muskets!

One hundred and fifty U. S. Muskets, just purchased at a recent sale at the Arsenal. They are true as steel, and will kill a Cuban, Mexican, or a black Republican, three hundred yards, if well primed and loaded sure, and for sale by

June 23, 1860.

John Collins.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, June 30, 1860, p. 3, c. 3

Mabies'  
Circus and Menagerie United!  
Splendid and liberal design for the  
amusement of the people, in the  
Wonderful combination of these  
Two Great Companies!

In the Equestrian department may be found the following Stars, culled from the leading Circuses of Europe and America:

Mr. W. Waterman, the celebrated four and six-horse rider and general Performer.

Mr. J. DeMott, the principal Equestrian of the World, will exhibit those daring feats, upon his spirited charger, which have astonished the world, and placed him upon the pedestal of equestrian fame.

Mr. Tom Wythe, in his grand representation of the Hurdle Race, or Steeple Chase, leaping over bars, gates, &c., while his horse is running at Full Speed.

Mr. J. Conklin, the modern Hercules, in his graceful sports, juggling cannon balls weighing 80 to 45 pounds.

Herr Jennings, the man of Iron, and most astonishing leaper and vaulter in the world.

Sig. Bushnell, the wonder of the world, in his great feats of light and heavy balancing, and juggling knives, balls, etc.

The Conklin Brothers, in their classic Poses, with a host of auxiliaries and juveniles, too numerous to mention.

Last but not least, is the celebrated American Clown I. Huyck, whose rich gift of genius, spicy anecdotes, local hits, quaint delineations of men and manners, have rendered him the brilliant star from Maine to Mexico.

Also the largest collection of living animals in the United States; and exhibited with the Circus, under one pavilion, for one price of admission.

Among them are the following: Ten magnificent Lions, Royal Bengal Tigers, Brazilian Black Tiger, Panthers, Leopards, Cougar, Ocelot, Tiger Cats, stipped [sic] and spotted Hyenas, Grizzly and Black Bears, Camels and Dromedaries; Lamas [sic], Burmese Cow and Alpacas, Gray and Black Wolves, white Coon, Badgers, Porcupines, and a wilderness of Birds, and Monkeys.

#### Professor Colson's Cornet Band.

Will be heralded through the principal streets on the morning of the day of exhibition, drawn by a team of Colossal Elephants.

During the performance, Sig. Woodruff, the world renowned Lion Tamer, will enter the Den of Lions, Tigers, etc., and display his wonderful power in subduing and bringing into subjection those terrible monsters of the forest.

Mons. Craven, will introduce those highly trained Elephants, Romeo and Juliet, whose performances have been received with unbounded demonstration of applause wherever exhibited. Truly they must be seen to be appreciated.

Mr. W. Waterman, will introduce his

#### Educated Mules and Trick Ponies;

All of which will go through with a variety of chaste and pleasing performances.

Will exhibit at LITTLE ROCK, on Monday and Tuesday, the 9<sup>th</sup> and 10<sup>th</sup> of July, 1860. Two Performances each day.

#### Afternoon and Night.

Admission, 75 cents. Children and servants, half price. Doors open at 1 and 7 o'clock P.M. Performance commences half an hour after.

Gentlemanly ushers in attendance, and perfect order observed.

At Rockport, July 4, 1860.  
At Hot Springs, July 5, 1860.  
At Jester's stage stand, July 6, 1860.  
At Benton, July 7, 1860.  
At Reed's Bridge, July 11, 1860.  
At Brownsville, July 12, 1860.  
June 30, 1860.

Dan. Rhodes, Agent.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, July 7, 1860, p. 1, c. 4

Manufacturers' Articles.  
J. & C. Reakirt,  
52 Second Street, Cincinnati, O.

Keeps a Full Supply of  
Manufacturers' Articles,  
Carding Machines,  
Warp on Beam, assorted colors,  
Machine Cards,  
Wire Heddles and Frames,  
Shuttles,  
Steel Reeds and Pickers,  
Lacing and Picker Leather,  
Hand Cards, Tenter Hooks,  
Comb Plate, &c., &c.  
Also a full assortment of  
Dye-Stuffs, Cochineal,  
Cudbear, Indigo,  
Madder, Cutch,  
Log Wood, Sumac,  
Cam Wood, &c., &c.  
October 1, 1859

13—1y.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, July 7, 1860, p. 2, c. 5

The Fourth of July.—"The Glorious 4<sup>th</sup>" was celebrated by the citizens of this place in a spirited and becoming manner. A barbecue was prepared in the grove on the vacant block between the residence of Judge English and Judge Watkins' block.

Before the commencement of the ceremonies on the ground, Capt. Churchill's Cavalry were presented with a banner by the young ladies. The addresses of Miss English on presenting, and of Capt. Churchill on receiving the banner, were good and well received.

The procession was formed at the State house and consisted of Capt. Peay's infantry, Capt. Churchill's cavalry, the Agricultural and Mechanical Association, and citizens generally—they whole keeping time to the music of Ashley's Native band.

The ceremonies on the ground commenced about 10 o'clock, with an impressive prayer by Rev. Tho's. R. Welch. The Declaration of Independence was read by Hon. Jno. J. Clendenin, after which an appropriate and eloquent address was delivered by John Pope, Esq.

The books of the Agricultural and Mechanical Association were then opened and upwards of a hundred new members added to its list.

An episode here introduced, which, though not in the programme, was none the less agreeable: The Calithumpians appeared in full costume and numbers and read *their* Declaration of Independence and delivered an oration for the occasion, after which they presented the Japanese Embassy, also in costume.

The crowd was so great that the whole audience could not witness and hear the proceedings of the Calithumpians, so they were induced to repeat their performance at night, in the Theater, for the benefit of the Agricultural and Mechanical Association. The Hall was well filled and the benefit was a substantial one; and, in return, we assure the members of that worthy body that, at the fair next Fall they shall all have front seats, and full liberty to contend for the premium with any other similar association in or out of the State.

Taken all in all the 4<sup>th</sup> went off admirably. There were not less than 2,500 persons present, all demeaned themselves with the utmost decorums [sic] and all seemed to think the day well spent.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, July 7, 1860, p. 3, c. 2

Jas. W. M'Kinney. Jno. F. M'Kinney.  
M'Kinney & Co.,  
Manufacturers and Dealers in  
All kinds of  
Fashionable and Common Furniture,  
Chairs, &c.

Also, Piano Fortes, Carpets, Curtain Materials, Window Cornices and Shades, Floor Oil Cloths, Table Oil Cloths, Looking Glasses, Spring, Hair, Cotton, Moss and Shuck Mattresses, Tucker's Spring Beds, &c.

No. 192 Main street, Memphis, Tenn.

July 7, 1860.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, August 4, 1860, p. 2, c. 4

Little Rock by Gas Light.—On Tuesday night of this week most of the business houses, and many of the residences in our little city, were lighted up with *gas* from the works of the Messrs. Slaughter. The iron Posts for lighting the streets have not yet been received, but will be here soon as the river becomes navigable. This is a work decidedly progressive in its character, and evidences, what must be manifest to all who have observed, a decided improvement in the place. The Messrs. Slaughter, who have prepared these gas works and put them in operation, deserve the greatest praise; for, notwithstanding the many difficulties in their way, they fulfilled all of their promises, and had their works in operation before the day specified in their contract.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, August 25, 1860, p. 2, c. 1

To Correspondents.—We have received an effusion from Scott county, the theme of which is so much better than the poetry that we decline to publish it. It is a mistaken notion that

one who has not learned to write prose can write poetry. In prose there are some simple rules which should be observed by all who write for newspapers.

1. Write on but one side of the paper—making all of your words and punctuation marks so plain that they cannot be misunderstood.

2. Use plain language which no one can misunderstand.

3. Avoid diluting ideas and spinning out articles to an unnecessary and unreasonable length. Write what is to be written, and quit when it is finished. Many articles are rejected on account of their length, and many, which are published, are not read for the same reason.

4. Mature well what you write. Never write in haste, and ask an editor to correct your articles, for fear they may not be published. The editor does not know what you want to write, and does not, therefore, know even how your article should be punctuated, much less what words you desire to use. Besides, the time of an editor is as valuable as yours, and there is no reason why he should do your work.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, September 8, 1860, p. 2, c. 6

Theatrical.—The gay portion of our citizens have been highly entertained, this week, by the entertainments of the inimitable Harry Macarthy, who is one of the most versatile and accomplished actors of the day. His dialect acting and delineations of characters are true to the life, and embrace a range and variety which we have never seen equalled [sic] by one man. As a ballad singer he is among the best we ever listened to, and in presenting Yankee, Irish, English, Dutch, French and Negro characters, he reminds one so much of the genuine article that it is difficult to realize the fact that he is only *acting*. He will give his last entertainment tonight. Let him have a full house.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, September 15, 1860, p. 3, c. 3

#### Cotton Yarns.

Any quantity of Cotton Yarns of Arkansas Cotton and Arkansas Spinning, received from the Arkansas Manufacturing Company, and for sale at cost and charges, by

Burgevin & Field, on the Levee.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, September 22, 1860, p. 1, c. 5

For the Enquirer.

#### A Campaign Song.

John Breckinridge, my Jo John!

When we were first acquaint,

You were a "Squatter Sovereign," John,

But now, you say, you aint.

How can we all believe, John,

In one short year or so,

That you've so sadly altered, John,

John Breckinridge, my Jo!

John Breckinridge, my Jo John!  
You held a proud estate;  
For Old Kentucky loved you, John,  
E'en up to fifty-eight;  
But, now, you're running wild, John,  
And leagued with *Yancey* so,  
They had to COMB you down, John,  
John Breckinridge, my Jo!

John Breckinridge, my Jo John!  
Strange things have come about;  
The *Squatters* put you in, John;  
The BELL will ring you out.  
The people wont elect you, John,  
They did so once, you know;  
And that was *once too often*, John,  
John Breckinridge, my Jo!

Franc.

Campaign Song.  
Air—"Star-Spangled Banner."

Oh! do you not hear, as it leaps thro' the air,  
A shout whose sound reaches from ocean to ocean?  
'Tis the 'larum note clear of the free, far and near,  
Striking home to the heart 'midst the din and commotion.  
And no longer we pause,  
Traitors scoff at the laws,  
Constitution and Union,  
Which we've made our cause;  
Then fling broad the banner, the Union we'll save  
To the sons of the Free, in the land of the Brave.

The foemen now dare to advance from the lair  
Where have lucked their vile aims 'gainst the peace of the Nation;  
Unblushing they ask, as each throws off the mask—  
Success to their cause, or Disunion! Secession!  
You'll heed well the cry,  
To the ballot-box fly,  
And conquer all faction,  
Conquer nobly or die!  
So the flag of our Nation not a star less may wave  
O'er the land of the Free and the home of the Brave.

Oh! do you not see (down in fair Tennessee)  
A Chieftain whose record we may all confide in?

Another whose fame, link'd with Washington's name,  
Has spread thro' the land we're all proud to reside in?  
Then, with statesmen so just,  
Whom the people will trust,  
To conquer is easy  
And conquer we must.

"BELL AND EVERETT" our champions, the Union they'll save,  
And long, long, wave our Flag o'er the Free and the Brave!

Washington, August 20<sup>th</sup>, 1860.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, September 29, 1860, p. 1, c. 5  
From the *Union Guard*.

A Song for Bell.  
Air—Nelly was a Lady.

Hark! see! the masses how they're rising,  
Shouting out the Paeans of the Free;  
Down with the Traitors! who, the glorious boon despising,  
Would trample on our blood-bought Liberty!  
Peal the Bell! in gladness,  
Let the sound go forth;  
Peal the bell to sound the knell  
of Disunion, South or North.

What has set these might numbers moving?  
What has sprung this outburst for our cause?  
'Tis a mighty People's heart which shows its loving  
For "The Union, Constitution, and the Laws."  
Ring! Ring the Bell! rejoicing,  
Sounding once more Peace and Rest,  
Broad o'er the Land, from strand to strand,  
To the People of the North, East, South and West.

With the stalwart sons of Maine's down eastern region,  
And the delvers where the golden spoils are found,  
Each State is now sending forth its legion,  
And wakes aloud the echoes with the sound—  
Strike! Strike the Bells, so cheerily,  
There's melody deep in its tone,  
Let the grasp of each hand form a chain through the land  
Binding each State and brother as one.

As peal'd the bells from Faneuil Hall and State House,  
Throbbing hearts and nerving hands in days of yore,

So let the cheering sound now penetrate to each house,  
And link each patriot's heart and hand once more.  
Toll the Bell! sound the knell!  
Defeat our Country's foes!  
Ring the Bell! rejoicing tell  
The triumph of our cause.

Washington, Aug. 1860.

F. Y.

Oh, Cling to the Union.

Oh, cling to the Union! that gallant old bark  
Hath rode out the storm when the tempest was dark;  
Her timbers were framed by a patriot band,  
And they're watching her still from the shadowy land.

Oh, cling to the Union! 'tis freedom's last trust;  
Her hope will have fled when it falls to the dust;  
The laugh of the tyrant will sound o'er the main  
When he hears from the country the clank of his chain.

Oh, cling to the Union! for brothers we are;  
We can spare from our flag not a stripe nor a star;  
Together—united—our race let us run,  
For our hopes, and our aims, and our glory are one.

Oh, cling to the Union! 'twas purchased with blood,  
'Twas wet with the tears of the brave and the good,  
The spirits that formed it have gone to their rest,  
And the turf lieth green on each patriot breast.

Then cling to the Union, the hope of the world!  
Let the flag of the free on the breeze be unfurled,  
'Till liberty's song shall triumphantly roll  
From ocean to ocean, from tropic to pole.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, September 29, 1860, p. 3, c. 3

When hissing flames around you fly,  
We'll save your house, your lives, or die.  
First Annual Ball of Pulaski Fire Company, No. 2.

The Citizens, Firemen, Military and Civic Associations of Little Rock and vicinity, are respectfully invited to attend a Grand Ball given by the above named Company, on Thursday evening, November 15, 1860, at the Anthony House.

Tickets \$5—to be procured from the following Managers:

Capt. N. Murphy,

J. J. Franklin,  
C. E. Button,  
Leo Pollock,  
C. A. Larrentree.

Also at the Anthony House, and from the respective members of the Company.

Notice.

The military and Firemen are most respectfully invited to appear in uniform.

13-72. Sept. 29, '60.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, October 20, 1860, p. 1, c. 8

Campaign Song.  
Air.—"Oh Susannah."

I had a dream the other night,  
    When all around was still;  
I dream'd I saw poor Breckinridge  
    A sitting on a hill.  
A corn-cob pipe was in his mouth,  
    A tear was in his eye;  
Says he, they'll beat us North and South;  
    But *Yancey* do not cry.  
Oh, Fire-eaters do not cry, said he,  
    Tho' we are left of hope bereft  
    By Bell, of Tennessee.

Not far away stood Stephen A.,  
    I think I see him now,  
With clenched fist and lips compressed,  
    And dark and frowning brow.  
With sorrowing phiz poor Breckinridge  
    No sooner caught his eye,  
Than hands did place upon his face,  
    And loud began to cry,  
Oh, Lord, Stephen, don't be mad with me;  
    There was nothing so deceivin'  
    As that Bell, of Tennessee.

Then in the rear there did appear,  
    A doleful picture drawn,  
With clothes neglect and hair erect,  
    And features woe-begone.  
I'll go again to splitting rails,  
    Quoth he with piteous sigh;

The colored question once more fails,  
So, darkies, let us cry;  
Oh, dear niggers, come and cry with me;  
Our hopes are o'er for evermore,  
With Bell, of Tennessee.

Then by his side I there espied,  
Old Buck, with phiz demure;  
Friend Abe, he said, I'm much afraid,  
Our cause is hopeless sure.  
To Breckinridge tho' I was pledged,  
All powers I did apply,  
Tho' indirect, you to elect,  
So Lincoln do not cry.  
Oh, fanatics, do not cry, said he;  
We all have feel by Old John Bell,  
That hails from Tennessee.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, November 3, 1860, p. 1, c. 5

A Bargain.

Ere we parted for the evening  
While I lingered in the Hall—  
Half doubting when to leave her  
If I ever went at all—  
She asked me if 'twere possible  
To change my vote this Fall.

She knew me for a democrat—  
The roguish little elf,  
Knew that I loved my party less—  
Less than I did herself.  
So she told me I might kiss her  
If I laid "BRECK" on the shelf.

Could I lose an opportunity  
Available as this?  
Could I think of hesitating  
When I stood so near to bliss?  
No! Egad—'Twas for the Union!—  
So I *took* the proffered kiss.

[Montgomery Post.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, November 3, 1860, p. 2, c. 1  
Leap-Year Ball.—The gay season was ushered by a Leap-year Ball given by the young

ladies at the Beebe house on Tuesday night.

It is decidedly agreeable for a batchelor [sic] to receive, from a beautiful lady, a delicately penned note on perfumed paper, asking the pleasure of escorting him to the party, and stating that she will call punctually at the hour. Such things do not happen every year. Then to go so escorted—to have every want anticipated—to receive such attentions as can be ministered only by a lady—is enough to make one wish that every February had twenty-nine days, and that all years were leap-years. The effect of this demonstration has been to make us still stronger in our feeling for, and advocacy of *the Union*.

As is the case where the genius of woman presides, every thing went off admirably. The house was thronged with fair ladies and brave men; and to see beauty floating through the dance gracefully as a swan on the bosom of a silvery lake, or whirling, like a fairy, with steps so light that her home seemed to be in the air, it was difficult to realize that one was not on enchanted ground, until one of the fair spirits took his arm, conducted him to the table, and, with him, eat turkey, oysters, salad, and such edibles, like a hungry mortal.

We hope the success of the ladies in this entertainment may encourage them to make a custom of their experiment. It is needless, at this day, to urge the importance of associating the rougher with the softer sex. It refines, improves, and elevates man, morally, and intellectually. And even in her foibles and follies there is still a charm in the society of woman "which seek the world o'er is ne'er met with elsewhere."

Raptur'd he quits each dozing sage,  
Oh woman! for thy lovelier page!  
Sweet book! unlike the books of art,  
Whose errors are thy fairest part;  
In whom the dear *errata* column  
Is the best page in all the volume!"

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, November 3, 1860, p. 2, c. 1

The Theatre.—This place of public amusement opened on Thursday night to a very fair audience. The worthy and enterprising manageress, Mrs. Pennoyer, is entitled to great credit for her endeavors to please and amuse our people, and they will, doubtless, show their appreciation of her efforts by sustaining her as becomes them.

The opening play was the *Robbers*, concluding with the *Loan of a Lover*, with a dance between the pieces by Miss Leslie. All went off creditably, and when the company get fairly into harness they will perform still better. From time to time, we shall offer such remarks and criticisms upon the performances as seems needful or just.

The play for to-night is *La Tour de Nesle* and a good farce with a dance between the pieces.

The following names compose the company:

Messrs. J. J. Wallace, Chas. Fyffe, A. H. Campbell, T. P. Varney, J. A. Signaigo, S. H. Hubbard, Edward Beaver, H. Taylor, Mrs. Mattie A. Pennoyer, Miss Lizzie Greenwood, Mrs. A. H. Campbell, Mademoiselle Leslie, Mrs. Blanche Wallace.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, November 3, 1860, p. 3, c. 5  
From Drew County.—

Monticello, Oct. 15.

I am a woman, unused to writing for the public, but if women in alarm-times, moved by

patriotic feelings cut off the hair from their heads, to serve as strings for the bows of their brothers, to aid them to repel the attacks of enemies to their country—or gave shields to their sons and told them, to return with them or on them,—shall not American women, when they see their country threatened with disunion, and all the horrors of war, between kindred and brethren, we who have enjoyed the blessings of our holy Union, shall not we lift up our voices against the traitors and political demagogues who would change the Union into fierce hatred and anarchy—those blessings into curses—our present peace and prosperity into war, and blight! Shall we who are raising sons and daughters, send down to them such an [sic] heritage of woe and sorrow; without making one effort for the safety and union of our country?

Disunion! oh we have heard the word, until half its meaning is forgot, even as we can accustom the eye to the complacent contemplation, of scenes of horror at the mention of which we once shrieked, so have we heard the word so often that it has become a meaningless sound, and the few fanatics, in the North, and South, have almost persuaded us that it is a necessity, while if the good and true patriots should forget their little differences and root out the seeds of discord, sown so assiduously, and so cunningly, by men, who put their own advancement and selfish feelings before the love of country, or anything holy or good, our country would stand more glorious in its Union and strength.

Will you, our husbands and fathers, our brothers, merely to secure a few more votes for your favorite candidates, Breckinridge or Douglas, sacrifice all that was hallowed and cemented by the blood of our fathers? Shall the problem of liberty, which they left us to solve, result so disastrously? Shall the nations of Europe, who feeling that they are capable of self-government, stimulated by the recollection of our struggle for freedom, and the knowledge of our prosperity and superiority to all other nations—who feeling—knowing all this, are struggling to achieve the same high destiny, shall they be told by their tyrants to see, that the beautiful temple which was reared and bequeathed to us, by our fathers, and (which seemed founded on, and built up, with all that could preserve it), has crumbled, bringing only destruction and disgrace upon us, and which now is only an unsightly ruin, cumbering and disfiguring the earth? Shall they be disheartened in this noble struggle, by such a picture? Shall they be taught that man is not capable of self-government? that man was not created to be free, but to be the slave and serf of his fellow-man? Shall nations in all future time, be pointed to us, to our overthrow, as teachers of the same truths?

Greece and Rome, they will say, fell, because of their licentiousness and through the power of degrading and enervating vices, but we were reserved,—we, far superior in all intellectual and moral advantages—with all the wisdom of the past, with all its lessons, of failure and success to teach and guide us,—we were reserved to teach that freedom, self-government, are only empty names, or still emptier dreams. We, with all the merits of power and success in our midst, faded, anarchy and civil war, hatred and strife, disgrace and ruin, were our realities.

Where will be "the land of the free, and the home of the brave?" Where the refuge for the oppressed and down-trodden of the Earth? Where the stars and stripes, which proclaim in every land that justice, and mercy, and safety are to be found beneath its waving folds? The holy days, consecrated by the victory of right over might—the places made sacred by the blood of martyrs to the cause of freedom—the great names that we revere, next to our God's—will all have lost their significance—their holiness—their incentives to great thoughts and deeds. Our children will never know them, save as monuments set up—stern strugglings against the wrong, and of gloomy future.

Mothers, wives, sisters, we have no votes in our country, but *we have* influence.

Chivalry or love will move our fathers, our husbands, our brothers to do great things for us. Let us use our influence then to preserve the Union. Let us try to hand it down to our children unbroken, without one bough, or twig, or leaf lopped off. Let us forget the names of parties of which we know so little, and to which our votes cling so tenaciously, and use our influence for the party whose motto is, "Our Union, our Constitution, our laws."

Shall Everett, the man who has given us his talents, who has labored to secure to American women the great privilege of guarding the home and scenes, endeared to every patriotic heart by the presence and association of our great Washington, of being the guardians of his sacred ashes—shall he receive from us no token of our approbation of him as a true patriot and sincere lover of his country? Now when the good and wise of all parties are looking to him and his worthy compeer, as the only men, able to drive back the dark surges of Black Republicanism that threaten to overwhelm and destroy our Union, shall we not lend our labor, our influence, our prayers, for his success?

If Breckinridge, if Douglas could succeed, it would be the duty of all to aid them, but they cannot succeed. Their platforms are not broad enough or wide enough for all to stand on, only the Union, the Constitution, the enforcement of the Laws, can bear all parties—all are pledged to support them, all base their political faith on them. Let not—mothers, wives, sisters—let not the lessons taught us by our mothers of the revolution, lessons of heroism and influence, be forgot! Like them, let us labor and pray for the preservation of our Union, and for the support of the party that will ensure its preservation, and our children, and our children's children, like theirs, will rise up and call us blessed.

Madame Osorio.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, November 10, 1860, p. 1, c. 6

Why Children Die.—The reason why children die, says *Hall's Journal of Health*, is because they are not taken care of. From the day of their birth they are stupefied with food, choked with physic, sloshed with water, suffocated with hot rooms, steamed in bed clothes. So much for in-door. When permitted to breathe of pure air, once a week in summer, and once or twice during the colder months, only the nose is allowed to peer in daylight. A little later they are sent out with no clothes on at all on the parts of the body which most need protection. Bare legs, bare arms, bare neck, girted middles, with an inverted umbrella to collect the air and chill the other part of the body. A stout, strong man goes out on a cold day with gloves and overcoat, woolen stockings, and thick double-soled boots, with cork between and rubbers over. The same day a child of three years old, an infant of flesh and blood and bone and constitution, goes out with shoes as thin as paper, cotton socks, legs uncovered to the knees, neck bare; an exposure which would disable the nurse, kill the mother out right, and make the father an invalid for weeks. And why? to harden them to a mode of dress which they are never expected to practice! To accustom them to exposure which a dozen years later would be considered downright foolery! To raise children thus for the slaughter pen, and lay it to the Lord, is too bad. We don't think the Almighty had a hand in it. And to draw comfort from the presumption that he had any agency in the death of the child, is a presumption and profanation.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, November 10, 1860, p. 1, c. 7

Interesting to Housewives.—As a general rule it is most economical to buy the best articles. The price is, of course, always a little higher, but good article always spend best. It is a sacrifice of money to buy poor flour, meat, sugar, molasses, cheese, butter, lard, &c., to say

nothing of the injurious effect upon the health.

Of West India sugar and molasses, the Santa Cruz and Porto Rico are considered the best. The Havana is seldom clean. White sugar from Brazil is very good. Refined sugars usually contain the most of the saccharine substance, therefore, there is probably more economy in using crushed loaf, and granulated sugars, than we should at first suppose.

Butter that is made in September and October is the best for winter use.

Lard should be hard and white; and that which is taken from a hog over a year old is the best.

Rich cheese feels soft under the pressure of the finger. That which is very strong is neither good nor healthy. To keep one that is cut, tie it up in a bag that will not admit flies, and hang it in a cool dry place. If mold appears on it, wipe it off with a dry cloth.

The best rice is large, and has a clear, fresh look. Old rice sometimes has little black insects inside the kernel.

The small white sago called pearl sago, is the best. The large brown kind has an earthy taste. These articles and ground rice, in pieces, &c., should be kept covered.

To select nutmegs pick them with a pin. If they are good, the oil will instantly appear around the puncture.

Keep coffee by itself, as its odor affects other articles.

Keep tea in a close chest or canister.

Oranges and lemons keep best wrapped close in soft paper and laid in a drawer.

When a cask of molasses is bought, draw off a few quarts, else the fermentation produced by moving it will burst the cask.

Bread and cake should be kept in a tin box or a stone jar.

Salt codfish should be kept in a dry place, where the odor of it will not affect the air or the house. Fish skin, for clearing coffee, should be washed, dried, cut small, and put in a paper bag.

Softsoap should be kept in a dry place in a cellar, and should not be used till three months old.

Barsoap should be cut into pieces of convenient size, and left where it will become dry. It is well to keep it for several weeks before using it, as it goes fast when it is new.

Cranberries will keep all winter in a firkin of water, in the cellar.

[Housekeeper's Friend.]

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, November 10, 1860, p. 2, c. 6

The Theater.—For the past week this place of public amusement has been well attended and the plays creditably presented. Mrs. Pennoyer not only sustains her former well earned reputation, but gives evidence of the improvement which comes of study and devotion to her profession. Mr. Wallace is a very good actor (we have seen far worse doing the leading business in large Theaters.) His fault is that occasionally he employs too much lung-power, and sometimes over acts: His presentation of "Carwin" in the "Orphan of Geneva" was an entire success; we have never seen the character better impersonated. Mr. Campbell, the Comedian, is a good actor, well educated in his profession, and already a great favorite. The dancing of Miss Leslie is the greatest attraction—always well received, and always *encored* by an appreciative audience. There are other members of the company deserving of notice—they will be attended to hereafter.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, November 10, 1860, p. 2, c. 6

Every article of home consumption is now at a high figure. Flour is held at \$10 and \$11; Corn Meal at \$1.50 per bush.; Bacon Sides at 20c; Beef, fresh, retails at 8c; Mutton at 10c.; Pork at 12½c., and Sausage at 15c. Coffee sells at the extremely low price of 22c. per pound, with an upward tendency; Sweet Potatoes 75c. per bushel. Lard 20c. per pound; Butter 30c.; Cheese 20c.; and Eggs per doz. 30c.; and all other articles proportionately high.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, November 10, 1860, p. 3, c. 2

#### Shaker Preserves.

We are to-day in receipt of 25 cases Shaker Preserves, put up in Union Town, Kentucky, expressly for us. Each case contains 12 Jars well assorted. For sale by  
Nov. 10, 1860. S. H. Tucker & Co.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, November 10, 1860, p. 3, c. 2

#### U. A. O. D.

The members of Aurora Grove No. 1, U. A. O. D., are requested to meet at their Grove on next Wednesday evening. Business of great importance will be before the Grove.

A. R. Schultz, Sec'y pro tem.

Little Rock, Nov. 10, 1860.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, November 17, 1860, p. 1, c. 7

An Ungrateful Tragedian.—Some years ago, in a Western theatre, rather a strange scene occurred in Shakspeare's [sic] tragedy of Romeo and Juliet; and those who were fortunate enough to be present will no doubt remember the incident with more than an ordinary degree of pleasure.

The piece had passed off well, without interruption, until the last scene. The character of Romeo was finely enacted and loudly applauded. The very model of lovers was before the tomb of the Capulets, gazing upon the motionless form of her who had so attracted his soul, and meditating on committing an act which would send his spirit to that undiscoverable country where Juliet had gone. Just as he exclaimed, "Here's to love," and at the same time raising the vial which containing the poison to his lips, an overgrown young countryman jumped upon the stage, seized him, dashed the vial from his hands, crushing it to atoms, and yelling—

"You darned fool! she aint dead. Only been takin' sleepin' medicine. Didn't you get the passon's letter?"

"Sirrah!" growled the enraged tragedian.

"Why, yer gal aint dead, I tell ye. The way it was, they wanted to make Juliet marry that chap, (pointing to Paris,) whose bizziness you've jest settled; but, I tell you, July was spunk—she got her back right up, and vowed she wouldn't do it, even if she was layin' in a vault, and the ghost of the other feller who you jest kilt should kick her brains out with the bones of her dead cousins. Wall, her dander was up, and she tuk the stuff the passon fixed, so she could play possum till you got hum. That's the way it war," replied the countryman, giving the desperate lover a tremendous poke to the ribs with his elbow, and at the same time loosing his hold.

"Curses upon you!" muttered the enraged tragedian as he stalked behind the scenes.

"Wal, now!" said the countryman, facing the audience, "if that aint a little the dod darndest meanest cuss I ever did see, I hope to be swollered, by gravy! That's all the thanks I git for stopping him from pizenin' himself. Hope to be tarnally smashed ef I ever interfere again when a feller wants to murder himself!" he continued, as he clambered back to his seat, just in time to prevent his upper story from coming in contact with the curtain as it descended.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, November 17, 1860, p. 2, c. 1

The closing of the Fair with a tournament was looked forward to with great interest. Though we have a slight conception of the clashing of hostile squadrons in deadly conflict we had never witnessed a home-made tournament. In our imagination we had pictured a contest between grim knights in armor, with visors drawn and lances poised, ready to disarm or unhorse an opponent. Instead we saw a ring about two inches in diameter, hung some eight feet from the ground, and a lot of gay equestrians trying to pick it off with the point of a wooden lance—the one taking the ring oftenest in five trials to be the victor. Though the Fair was a success, we confess to disappointment at the tournament. It reminded us more of Longstreet's description of a *gander-pulling* than any thing we have ever seen—though, from the description, we are of opinion that there is infinitely more fun in a *pulling*.

Suppose at the next meeting of these knights of the wooden lance, a gander be swung for them—his head will be as fit a trophy as an iron ring.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, November 17, 1860, p. 2, c. 3

The Fireman's ball on Thursday night was largely attended; and notwithstanding the crowd the utmost harmony and order prevailed. We congratulate the Firemen on their success, and hope the affair was as profitable to them as it was agreeable to all in attendance.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, November 17, 1860, p. 2, c. 7-8

First Annual Fair of the Pulaski County Agricultural and Mechanical Association.  
Premiums Awarded as Follows:-- . . .

- 1 P. gold embroider, Mrs. C. Brown.
- 1 P silk " , Mrs. S. S. Boone.
- 2 P " " , Mrs. C. Brown.
- 1 P. floss work, Miss R. A. Gallagher, Jefferson county.
- 1 P. floss embroidery, Miss Mary Covey.
- 1 P. worsted embroidery, Mrs. L. L. Boone.
- 2 P. " " , Mrs. J. J. McAlmont.
- 2 P. chenille work, Miss E. R. Beckham.
- 1 P. English embroidery, Miss. E. Field.
- 1 P. needle work, Miss Isadore Pike.
- 1 A. hem stitch, Mrs. F. M. Jenks.
- 1 P. crotchet [sic] basket, Miss Kitty Henderson.
- 1 P. worsted crotchet [sic] work, Miss M. Carroll.
- 2 P. " " " , Miss E. Field.
- 1 P. cotton " " , Mrs. P. Hanger.
- 1 P. ornamental hair work, Miss E. Tucker.
- 2 P. " " , Mrs. E. H. English.

- 1 P. wax flowers, Miss Mary Dodge.
- 1 P. fancy card basket, Miss Lucy J. Bell.
- 1 P. millinery work, Mrs. Cullum.
- 1 P. needle case, Mrs. M. Stevenson.
- 2 P. " , Mrs. L. L. Boone.
- 1 P. silk (patch work) quilt, Mrs. M. Stevenson.
- 2 P. silk (patch work) quilt, Mrs. L. B. Worthen.
- 1 P. worsted (patch work) quilt, Mrs. John Robins.
- 2 P. worsted (patch work) quilt, Mrs. J. F. James.
- 1 P. cotton (patch work) quilt, Mrs. L. B. Worthen.
- 2 P. cotton (patch work) quilt, Mrs. E. C. Shillcutt.
- 1 P. knitted quilt, Mrs. Thos. Johnson.
- 1 P. home-made counterpane, Mrs. Frances Lewis.
- 2 P. home-made counterpane, Mrs. W. Lewis.
- 1 P. home-made jeans, Mrs. F. Lewis.
- 1 P. " carpet, Mrs. W. Lewis.
- 1 P. fancy knit stockings, Mrs. Sizer.
- 1 P. fancy knitting, Mrs. P. Hanger.
- 2 P. "" , Mrs. M. H. Eastman.
- 1 P. home-made cotton stockings, Mrs. E. Woodruff.
- 1 P. knit (plain) socks, Mrs. W. Lewis.
- 1 P. knit " , Mrs. Sizer.
- 1 P. ornamental leather work, Miss Sallie Bryant.
- 1 P. boquet [sic] flowers, Miss Fannie Woodruff.
- 1 P. woollen [si c] yarn, Mrs. Sizer. . . .
- 1 P. hand loom, A. M. Black. . . .
- Domestic Manufacturers:--
- 1 P. specimen negro cloth, J. M. Black
- 1 P. cotton yarn, Ark. Manufacturing Co. . . .

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, December 1, 1860, p. 2, c. 3

The Theater.—During the present week the musical burletta entitled Pocahontas has had a run. The production of one of the wittiest living dramatic authors, and well presented by the company, Pocahontas is as great a favorite as any piece which could be produced on our boards. It will be presented to-night for the last time, and we expect to see the house crowded.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, December 1, 1860, p. 2, c. 4

A Card.—At a special meeting of the Pulaski Fire company No. 2, this evening, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

*Resolved*, That we cordially return our thanks to the citizens, for their liberal patronage, and especially to the ladies for their presence at our ball, on Thursday night last; and should it ever be their lot to need our protection, in return, we shall never fail to uphold our true motto, "We Strive to save."

*Resolved*, That the Messrs. Filkins receive our thanks for the sumptuous repast prepared for us on the occasion, and we hope that, by our strict attention to duty, whenever called upon that we may always merit the patronage of the public.

*Resolved*, That the foregoing resolutions be published in each of the city papers.

J. H. Woolford, Pres't.

Thos. J. Lee, Sec'y.

Little Rock, November 21, 1860.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, December 22, 1860, p. 2, c. 3

We are authorized, by the President of the Pulaski County Agricultural and Mechanical Association, to state that the Tournament for the crowning of the Queen of Love and Beauty and Maid of Honor has been postponed from the 25<sup>th</sup> to the 26<sup>th</sup> (weather permitting).

There will be a ball on the same evening; when and where the successful Knights will severally crown the ladies chosen.

The proceeds arising from the Tournament and Ball are for the benefit of the Association.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, December 22, 1860, p. 2, c. 5

A Prayer for Wise Counsels.—Almighty God, who didst raise up to Thy people Israel, Judges and counsellors [sic], whensoever they cried unto Thee; and who hast promised to give liberally to such as lack wisdom and ask of Thee; look graciously upon us as Thy unworthy servants and upon all the people of this land; leave us not comfortless, but send to us the Holy Ghost to comfort us.

Send to us, O Lord, in this our day of trouble and disquietude, righteous judgment and prudent counsel. Save us from all error, ignorance, pride and prejudice. Grant us peace in our borders, and security in all our lawful employments. Prosper the right and let not wicked men prevail. Help us to be valiant for the truth and to put all our trust in Thee; for Thou, O Lord, sittest in the throne judging right, and therefore we make our supplication unto Thee. Thou art the great God who has made and rulest all things; be gracious unto Thy servants and save us for Thy mercy's sake. Help us, O God of our salvation, for the glory of Thy name. O deliver us, and be merciful unto our sins for Thy name's sake.

O blessed Saviour, who didst preserve Thy disciples in a great tempest of the sea, hear, hear us, and save us, that we perish not; for we do acknowledge Thee, with the Father, and the Holy Ghost, one God over all, blessed forevermore. Amen.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, December 29, 1860, p. 2, c. 1

Christmas.—Since our last, Christmas has come and gone. While the festive season has brought joy to some it has brought sorrow and sadness to many. The good old ship of State freighted with our political fortunes, which heretofore, has steered clear of shoals and quicksands, has been driven by the storms of fanaticism into the very breakers of destruction. That she may escape without being wrecked—that we may escape with our lives and our honor—is the prayer of the patriotic, to which let all say Amen!

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, January 5, 1861, p. 2, c. 3

Firing Cannon Over South Carolina.—There is a tradition or a belief that the firing of artillery over water will raise the bodies of the drowned. One day last week, we heard the report of artillery, and supposing that it was for the purpose of raising a dead body in the river, we were somewhat concerned to know who had been drowned, and made inquiry to that effect. It was some time before we could ascertain the cause of the cannonading, and when found out it proved to be the effervescent joy of some eight or ten young secessionists, at the action of South

Carolina in leaving the Union.

Every one to his own notion in this country while it yet remains free; but we can't find it in our heart to rejoice over an occurrence, which, at best, is a sad calamity to the country, and the world. And we would advise our young friends to keep cool, keep their powder dry, and their guns in order. If we are not mistaken in the signs of the times, the day of carpet knights, holiday soldiers, and the firing of blank cartridges has well nigh gone by. All may soon be called upon to witness the vicissitudes of a real war, and the stern actualities of a soldier's life. Therefore, we say, save your temper, save your energy, and save your ammunition.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, January 19, 1861, p. 3, c. 3

#### Attention Militia!!

Patronise [sic] Home Manufacture. The undersigned is now manufacturing Military Drums, Bass and Tenor, of the very best quality and fine finish, at Rockport, Arkansas. Orders for Drums will be filled as quick as possible. Prices reasonable.

H. C. Ward.

Rockport, Ark., Jan. 12, 1861.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, January 19, 1861, p. 2, c. 3

A Female Matelot.—A female sailor has turned up in Liverpool. Her name is Annie Stuart, and she is a fine girl of 18, born in Glasgow, and has for five years followed the life of a sailor, in male attire. She is now in the Liverpool workhouse, having applied to the parochial authorities to obtain means and clothing to undertake a situation more in accordance with her sex. She has five brothers, all sailors, and it was her desire to be with them that induced her to go to sea. During five years her sex was only discovered once, and that was during an examination by a medical man when she fractured her ribs by a fall.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, March 16, 1861, p. 2, c. 1

The Theatre, for the past week, has been occupied by Mr. Grace, in exhibiting his Panorama of remarkable places in America, Europe, Asia, and Africa. Taken as a work of art, this is a rare exhibition, and it is, besides, very instructive. Mr. G. goes from here in the direction of Fort Smith. We bespeak for him a good reception by the people in the Western end of the State.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, March 16, 1861, p. 2, c. 3

Military.—As a decided Military spirit seems to pervade, we would suggest that there are four good military companies in Little Rock, any of which afford ample inducements to the citizen of military tastes or inclinations:

Capt. Churchill's Cavalry, is a fine company, well officered and will soon be well armed. In it there are some vacancies, and we would like to see its ranks well filled.

Capt. Peay's Capital Guards, is a first rate Infantry company, as well commanded as any company in the State, and the ranks are not yet full.

Capt. Woodruff's Artillery; is a new company, well officered and appointed, with room in the ranks for yet a few more.

Capt. Franklin's Rifles, a new company, is organized and in the tide of successful

experiment. Sharp shooters can have a chance in that company.

Gentlemen desirous of attaching themselves to Cavalry, to Infantry, or to Artillery service, have, in Little Rock, superior advantages in all respects.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, March 16, 1861, p. 2, c. 8

Mr. Editor:--I heard the following song sung last night, by a young school Miss, and it struck me as peculiarly appropriate in the present crisis. It is the production, I understand, of an amiable and patriotic lady of this city, who, I hope, will not take its publication amiss; and I hope you may deem it worthy of a place in your paper: W.

There's Nothing Like the Union.  
Tune—"I wish I was in Dixey."

Away down here, in this Southern nation,  
People have got up a great sensation,  
Look away—away—away—away.  
They want to break this great communion,  
With dissention and disunion,

Away, away, away, away.  
Chorus: But there is no word like UNION,  
Hurra! hurra!  
With colors true, red, white and blue,  
Oh! boys, don't ask for something new,  
Hurra, hurra, hurra boys, for the Union!  
Hurra, hurra, hurra boys, for the Union!

What do you think that brave old band,  
Who fought and bled for this great land,  
Would do, would do, would do, would do.  
Could they look down from their high station,  
And see you dissolving this great nation?

Away, away, away, away.  
Chorus: But there is no word like UNION, &c.

Though South Carolina wink her eye,  
And call on you to bleed and die,  
Don't go, don't go, don't go, don't go.  
For she's not doing what she ought to,  
She's a disobedient daughter.

Away, away, away, away.  
Chorus: But there is no word like UNION, &c.

You boys who're here, that are in the right,  
Must work in the cause with main and might,  
Hurra, hurra, hurra, hurra.  
And if any here on the fence are astride,

We'll help them down girls, on the right side,  
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah, hurrah.  
Chorus: But there is no word like UNION, &c.

But the boys who live on blood and thunder,  
Eating fire and burning for plunder,  
Get away, away, away, away.  
Let's make a vow that no such band  
Shall every share our heart and hand,  
Hurra, hurra, hurra, hurra!  
Whoo-ray, whoo-ray, whoo-ray, whoo-ray.  
Chorus: But there is no word like UNION, &c.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, March 16, 1861, p. 3, c. 2

"Artemus" on the Union.—I'm a Union man. I luv the Union from the bottom of mi hart. I luv every hoop-pole in Maine, and every shepe-ranch in Taxis. The kow pastures of Nu Hampshire are as deer 2 A. Ward as the rice plantashuns of Mississippi. There is mean traters in both them ar States, & thar is likewise good men and troe. It don't look well for a lot ov inflamitory individuals, who nevir lifted thar hands in defence of Ameriky, or did the fust thing toward sekewrin our independence, to git their backs up and sware they'll dissolve the Union. Too much blood was spilt a courtin' and marryin' that highly respectable female, the Goddess of Liberty 2 git a divorse at this late day. The old gal behaved herself 2 well to cast her off now, at the request of a parsul ov addle braned men and wimmen, who never did nobody no good, and nevir will agin. I'm sorry the pictures of the Goddess nevir give her no shuse or stockin's, but the band of stars around her head must kontiner 2 shine briter so long as the earth kontiners to revolve on its axeltree.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, March 16, 1861, p. 3, c. 2

The Troy Times tells a story about a young lady, a very expert and graceful skater, who met with a mishap while enjoying the exercise on the river. The Times intimates that the ladies "panties" disengaged themselves, impeded her motion, and embarrassed her considerably. She coolly went to work and pulled them off, rolled them up and put them in her pocket. An attempt to commiserate her condition was met, as she gracefully took to her skates again, with the remark that it made no matter, for she "had another pair on."—Sensible and precautionary girl, that.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, March 16, 1861, p. 4, c. 1

Hold On.—Hold on to your tongue when you are just ready to swear, lie or speak harshly, or use any improper word.

Hold on to your hand when you are about to strike, pinch, scratch, steal or do any improper act.

Hold on to your foot when you are on the point of kicking, running away from study or pursuing the path of error, shame or crime.

Hold on to your temper when you are angry, excited, or imposed upon, or others are angry about you.

Hold on to the truth, for it will serve you well, and do you good throughout eternity.

Hold on to your virtue—it is above all price to you in all times and places.  
Hold on to your character, for it is and every will be, your best wealth.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, April 20, 1861, p. 2, c. 1

Drums.—Mr. Henry C. Ward, of Hot Spring county, is in town offering his Drums for sale. They are a good article, and may be seen at the stores of S. H. Tucker & Co. and Burgevin & Field.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, April 20, 1861, p. 2, c. 4

Military Ball.—The Ball given by the "Capital Guards," on Friday night of last week, was a brilliant affair, and went off in the most admirable manner. The supper, prepared by the ladies of the Episcopal Church, afforded ample evidence that they are judges of the good things of this life. The beaux, with their profusion of Military ornament, made a good display, but they were outshone by the sparkling eyes of the beauteous fair who graced the occasion. Being an invited guest, and having the run of the house, we "sloshed about," saw, and paid general attention to all, including, of course, the presiding divinity of the gallery, whom we regarded as among the chiefest of the attractions.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, May 4, 1861, p. 1, c. 8

Query.—If four dogs, with sixteen legs, can catch forty-nine rabbits, with eighty-seven legs in forty-four minutes, how many legs must the same rabbits have to get away from eight dogs with thirty two legs, in seventeen minutes and a half?

Solution.—Add together the legs of the rabbits and the tails of the dogs, and divide the amount by three big dogs; this leaves four bushels of barks, and thirteen pounds of hair. Take the fractions of the rabbits, add six inches of snow, multiply by a dog fight. Then divide by a man with a double barrelled [sic] shot gun, and add a side of fresh beef. Multiply by half as many legs as three times a less number of rabbits would have had, and divide by one-third of the time it would take for the rabbits to get away from the dogs, less 17½ minutes. The result depends upon the size of the dogs.

[Cairo Gazette.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, May 4, 1861, p. 2, c. 1

Ladies for the Country.—The patriotic ladies of Little Rock have converted the Theatre Hall into a manufactory of clothes for our citizen soldiery. We dropped in on Thursday evening and saw them engaged in their patriotic work. They had made two hundred round jackets and over seventy-five pairs of pants for soldiers who are getting ready to go to Virginia. As fast as soldiers arrive who need clothing they will be supplied. While this is an evidence of the spirit of loyalty to the South which pervades, it also bears testimony, of such thing were necessary, to the universal patriotism of woman—that she is first to espouse the cause of the country and last to abandon it.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, May 11, 1861, p. 2, c. 2

The Ladies still continue their labors at James' Hall, in making clothes for our citizen soldiery. Their patriotic efforts cannot be too highly commended. Mr. James kindly furnishes the Hall free of expense, and Mr. Ward, contractor of the Penitentiary, has rendered great aid by

placing the tailoring portion of his force in the service, and devoting their time to making soldiers clothes.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, May 11, 1861, p. 3, c. 2

The ladies of Camden have seconded, with magnanimous devotion, their patriotic movement of our brave men who have offered the immediate services of the South. They are plying their fingers with laudable zeal, and their hearts pulsate with fervid energy for the cause. All that the sex can do will be done, with all the generous valor belonging to their natures. Too much praise cannot be awarded them for all that can be accomplished in their sphere is being done. One young lady has tendered her services to the Governor of Arkansas, to attend the battle-field, if necessary, and minister to the sick and wounded. All honor to the ladies of Camden!—angels on earth, not yet transported to heaven!

[Camden Eagle, 30<sup>th</sup> ult.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, May 11, 1861, p. 3, c. 3

Advice to Volunteers.—How to prepare for the Campaign.—A writer, who signs himself "An Old Soldier," gives the following advice to young soldiers:

1. Remember that in a campaign more men die from sickness than by the bullet.
2. Line your blanket with one thickness of brown drilling. This adds but four ounces in weight, and doubles the warmth.
3. Buy a small india rubber blanket (only \$1 50) to lay on the ground or to throw over your soldiers when on guard duty during a rain storm. Most of the eastern troops are provided with these. Straw to lie on is not always to be had.
4. The best military hat in use is the light colored soft felt; the crown being sufficiently high to allow space for air over the brain. You can fasten it up as a continental in fair weather, or turn it down when it is wet or very sunny.
5. Let your beard grow, so as to protect the throat and lungs.
6. Keep your entire person clean; this prevents fevers and bowel complaints in warm climates. Wash your body each day, if possible. Avoid strong coffee and oily meat. Gen. Scott said that the too free use of these (together with neglect in keeping the skin clean,) cost many a soldier his life in Mexico.
7. A sudden check of perspiration by chilly or night air often causes fever and death. When thus exposed, do not forget your blanket.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, May 11, 1861, p. 3, c. 4

From Fort Washita.—We learn from Mr. Hester, who arrived last evening, direct from Boggy Depot, that the federal troops at Fort Washita, are making preparations to evacuate that post. A gentleman arrived at Boggy Depot on Saturday evening from Fort Washita, informed Mr. Hester, that the commander there had advertised for one hundred wagons, for transportation to Fort Leavenworth, Kansas Territory, but the people were unwilling to go at any price. They were offering five dollars per day, but no one could be had. It is supposed that, as soon as they can procure transportation they will evacuate the post immediately.

Mr. H., says, Capt. Sturgiss has taken a road for Fort Leavenworth, and has not gone to Fort Washita. He left the main road about 70 miles from this place. He was informed that two of Capt. S's men refused to go North with him, one was killed and the other severely wounded

with a sabre [sic].

[Ft. Smith Herald, 1<sup>st</sup>.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, May 11, 1861, p. 4, c. 1

Alum in Starch.—For starching muslins, gingham, and calicoes, dissolve a piece of alum the size of a shell-bark, for every pint of starch, and add to it. By so doing, the colors will keep bright for a long time, which is very desirable when dresses must be often washed, and the cost is but a trifle.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, May 25, 1861, p. 2, c. 1

Suitable Materials for Army Clothing.—The following is from a graduate of West Point, someone who has seen service, and whose opinions are entitled to consideration:

As many mistakes have been made by the selection of materials for clothing our volunteers, a suggestion from an ex-army officer will not be [illegible]. The clothing prescribed for the soldiers of the regular army, after long experience, is undoubtedly the best for volunteers. The overcoat, uniform coat, sack coat or blouse, trowsers [sic], and blankets, should be of wool, without a mixture of cotton, and should conform, in [illegible] and make, to those used in the regular army. The stockings should be of coarse wool—no Cotton; flannel shirts of wool and cotton—the less cotton the better; drawers of cotton flannel. Clothing is usually issued twice a year, in quantities as follows: To each soldier one hat, one forage cap, one uniform coat, two sack coats, one pair drawers, three flannel shirts, four pair [illegible], four pair stockings in one year, two blankets, two leather stocks in five years; three pair of trowsers [sic] the first year, two pair the second.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, May 25, 1861, p. 2, c. 5

Good Suggestion.—We have been shown by Dr. Everett a most excellent article for our soldiers. It consists of two widths of cotton osnaburgs sewed together, forming a blanket 2½ yards long and 2 yards wide. It has a lit in the middle, so as to serve as a Mexican ponchar [sic], and its chief use is to sleep on and cover with at night. A little paint and oil makes it an excellent water proof tarpaulin and the whole cost will be about 76 cents. Every soldier should instantly provide himself with one, for it is folly to go to the field without something to protect from rain and dampness.

[Charlottesville Review.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, May 25, 1861, p. 3, c. 2

How Our Soldiers Can Guard Against the Sun.—As the heat of the summer sun is one of the hardships our volunteers will have to encounter, it will be well for them to know in what way the French army in Algiers guard themselves during the day when on the march or standing sentry. They take a yard of thin white flannel, fold it together once and draw up one end; a ribbon or tape may be inserted to draw and tie it around the neck. This thrown over the cap or shako, and falling behind, completely shields the head and shoulders from the rays of the sun. Woolen is preferable to linen or cotton, is equally light, costs less than the former, and is easier washed and kept clean.

[N. O. Bulletin.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, June 1, 1861, p. 1, c. 7

Puff Omelet.—This is very superior, as well as beautiful. Beat the yolks of six eggs light, and mix them in a small tea-cup of milk; add a little salt. Beat together a tablespoonful of sweet butter, with the same quantity of flour, until smooth; add the mixture to the custard, and beat the whole well together. Pour it into a buttered omelet, or a small frying-pan, and when it appears to thicken, pour over it the whites, beaten stiff; dust over it a trifle of salt, and when the whole is stiff, remove it carefully to the dish, without breaking.

[Amer. Agriculturist.]

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, June 1, 1861, p. 2, c. 1

Flag Presentation.—On Thursday after noon there was quite a display of beauty and gallantry on St. John's College grounds. The occasion was the presentation of a flag by the ladies of Little Rock to Capt. Churchill's Regiment. The Louisiana Regiment was present by invitation. The grounds were crowded by citizens. The flag was presented by Miss Mattie Faulkner with a handsome speech, and received by Capt. Matlock who also made an appropriate address.

A part of Col. Churchill's regiment left yesterday for Fort Smith—the remainder will depart within a day or two.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, June 1, 1861, p. 2, c. 6

Presentation of Banners to the Jefferson Guards—Patriotic Compliments from abroad.—The patriotic ladies of Pine Bluff, to manifest their esteem for that noble band—the "Jefferson Guards"—from this city, and now stationed at Mound City, above Memphis, proceeded to that place, and presented the Company with two beautiful flags to fight under in the glorious struggle for Southern independence. The Memphis papers are filled up with extended and glowing accounts of the two occasions, which attracted large crowds of ladies and gentlemen of Memphis, and the surrounding vicinity. We have only time for making short extracts of complimentary notices from people abroad toward the fair ones from Pine Bluff who had the honor of presenting the banners, also the compliments paid to the popular and brave Captain of the Company.

Miss Etta Bocage presented a beautiful banner, the work of her own hands, on Wednesday the 15<sup>th</sup> inst. The Memphis Evening Argus pays the following handsome compliment to the fair donor, and Capt. Carlton:

The fair donor of the flag, Miss Bocage, daughter of Judge Bocage, of Pine Bluff, is one of the loveliest women upon whom it has been the good fortune of those present to gaze for a time whereof the mind runneth not to the contrary. Tall, dark eyed and dark haired, graceful in every movement, it was not surprising that the soldiery greeted her with so much joy and enthusiasm. The flag was of fine blue silk, most elegantly wrought and decorated, containing the name of the company for whom it was designed, and other inscriptions not visible from the portion of Arkansas upon which we were standing. The presentation speech was appropriate, eloquent and brief, and every word seemed accompanied by that correctness which bespoke that the fair speaker was only expressing the patriotic emotions of the heart in the words which fell from her lips.

Capt. Carlton, as brave and handsome a soldier as can be found in any corps, received the beautiful gift in behalf of his company, and responded in a few words, which, at once earnest, and most eloquent, were well received. Judge Bocage stepped forward and presented, as the gift

of Mr. Dubois, an absent member of the guard, an ensign's belt for the flag. Nine hearty cheers were then given—three for Miss Bocage, three for the absent member, and three for Capt. Carlton.

On Thursday the 16<sup>th</sup> inst., Miss Lillian T. Rozelle, in the name of the ladies of Pine Bluff, presented a confederate flag to the Jefferson Guards, to be presented to the Arkansas Regiment at Mound city, commanded by Col. Cleburne. The Avalanche thus speaks of the occasion, giving Miss Rozelle's speech:

"About 8 o'clock the entire battalion was put in motion for the purpose of participating in the ceremonies. They marched to the hotel in all "the pomp and circumstance of glorious war." The bristling bayonets and the general paraphernalia presented an imposing appearance. Each company was composed of stalwart men—soldiers strong in bone and muscle and nerve, and still stronger in hope and faith. The troops were drawn up in front of the stand erected for the occasion. So soon as the Jefferson Guards marched up, Miss Lillian T. Rozelle, of Pine Bluff, arose and delivered the following beautiful address:

Address to the Jefferson Guards—Our beloved Countrymen:--We greet you to-day to present your brave band with this banner, arranged by the ladies of Pine Bluff—those dear to your hearts and firesides.

With souls ripe in loyal patriotism we strive with happy willingness, sparing no toil or labor in endeavoring to make the offering, this flag, to wave o'er the glorious and gifted sons of Jefferson, and that with every breeze may be wafted endless chimes of your honor, valor and glory. Our hands have made it; your hearts must defend it.

You go, brave ones, to struggle in the dearest cause an American heart has at stake—the rights of this hallowed land of the South! Remember "it was liberty, not Union, for which our forefathers fought." And now that your own cherished State has bared her bosom to breast the storm, struggle for her! retain her a bright constellation in the brilliant galaxy of Southern States.

Not the aggressors, but the *wronged*, you secure the smiles of an all-wise and just God, who will extend his eternal arm for your protection. Let the sacred motto be inscribed on every heart, "*Honi soit qui maly pense*," or "Evil be to him who evil thinks of it." This banner we consign to your care, with prayers and tears sent up to Heaven's throne in your behalf, by them who daily cry, "Our hearts are with you." Accept our farewell and last injunction:

Oh! shield the bright South! this beautiful land,  
Sacred and dear to your own loyal land;  
Her winds sang your cradle hymns gently and low,  
And tuned were your hearts to her brooklets and flow.

And now that the foe with despotic sway,  
Seeks to tear all her glory and wealth away,  
Nerve you strong hearts! to the rescue go on,  
'Till silenced the storm and bright battles won.

There, too, the heart of true woman will go  
To smile in your joy and soothe in your woe.  
When laurels the brightest your brows shall entwine,  
Her soul's hymns for you shall witchingly chime;  
Then, on brave ones, ever on in the right,  
God your defender will save you from blight.

The graceful and modest demeanor with which Miss Rozelle discharged the duties imposed upon her won all hearts. Her address is short, but in exquisite taste. Her articulation was clear and distinct; and her emphasis and intonation showed that she felt while an actor on the occasion. As we listened to her inspiring words, the lines of a noble bard flashed across our memory:

"The light of love, the purity of grace,  
The mind, the music breathing from her face."

At the close of the beautiful address, three cheers were proposed for Miss Rozelle, which were given with an enthusiasm and stentorian voice that showed how much each soldier was inspired.

Capt. Carlton, a gallant soldier and true gentleman as ever flashed a sword, receiving the flag in a neat and appropriate speech, and, after receiving it, he presented it to the 1<sup>st</sup> Regiment. Col. P. R. Cleburne received it [with] an able and eloquent speech of some length, in which he promised that it should never be dishonored. The speech of Col. Cleburne was appropriate and well delivered. He was loudly cheered by his fellow soldiers."

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, June 1, 1861, p. 3, c. 2

The military spirit is fully aroused. It has many outward manifestations, and none more striking than is exhibited by the boys on our streets. We mean those whose years are bounded between nine and sixteen. Every boy you meet is an out and out military man. Marbles, tops and hoops are among the things that were. The boy no longer goes to bed to dream of the fun he will have to-morrow in a game of "ball" or "knock-up-and-span." His night visions are made up of juvenile squads in drill!—of youthful companies, battalions, regiments, armies, all on the move to meet a foe. He awakes to buckle on his harmless sword and collect his school-mates into line.

When you meet the boy on the street, he salutes you *a la militaire*. He affects the jaunty fatigue cap of "our army," wears a stripe down each side of his pants and detects a martial sound in every noise that falls upon his ear. If he looks around the well filled benches of the school room, it is with the eye of a soldier, and he reckons within himself "what a bully show they'd make if they were all mustered into one company."

All the dimes he gets are carefully saved to buy a sword. Then he sallies forth. His recruiting office is everywhere, and long lines of little boys are to be found drilling under him upon every street. He ignores, with supreme contempt, the confectionary and passes, with a military hauteur, the toy shop except such as expose in their windows some frail representative article of warfare. He builds, assaults and captures a half dozen Fort Sumters a day, and devises all sorts of schemes to prevent the reinforcement of all sorts of Fort [illegible]. Such are the boys of the present day, and they generally make the right sort of men.

[Memphis Bulletin, 26<sup>th</sup>.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, June 8, 1861, p. 1, c. 6

Everywhere in the Confederate States have the ladies worked unremittingly for the benefit of the volunteer companies organized for the defence [sic] of their country against northern aggression.

Flags, stitched and embellished by their fingers, have been presented in great numbers,

sand bags and clothing made, lint picked, and money raised by means of fairs and private contribution. New Orleans may well be proud of her noble-hearted daughters, who have done so much for the cause which stirs the souls of her people.

That their labor may be lightened in part, we give the following letter of the veteran Dr. J. C. Nott, of Mobile, which we find in the Register of yesterday:

In my daily rounds I see our ladies wearing out their fingers and eyes in picking lint for our brave soldiers, and while I admire their patriotism and charity, I hope I may be permitted to say, I think they are, for want of information, throwing away much time that might be more usefully spent.

Clean cotton is easily obtained in any quantity, and answers just as well for dressing wounds as the ordinary lint.

The "patent lint" commonly used by surgeons is all, or nearly all, made of cotton. Some of the best European surgeons use the cotton-wool in preference to lint. Everybody uses cotton for a dressing for a burn, the most intense of all inflammations.

To these facts I may add my own ample experiences. I have for years been in the habit of using good sample cotton and lint indiscriminately, in dressing wounds of all kinds, and could never see any difference.

Whenever a gun is fired I shall be in the field and take care to have a good supply of cotton, which is one of the most useful articles a surgeon can have about a hospital for purposes, and one of its most important uses is in padding for splints.

J. C. Nott.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, June 8, 1861, p. 1, c. 6

Rules for Health.—The following [illegible] rules for soldiers, for the [illegible] during a campaign, are written by Dr. Hall, editor of the New York Journal of Health:

Soldiers' Health.--1. In an ordinary campaign sickness disables or destroys three times as many as the sword.

2. On a march, from April to November, the entire clothing should be a colored flannel shirt, with a loosely-buttoned collar, cotton drawers, woolen pantaloons, shoes and stockings, and a light colored felt hat, with broad brim to protect the eyes and face from the glare of the sun and from the rain, and a substantial but not heavy coat when off duty.

3. Sun-stroke is most effectually prevented by wearing a silk handkerchief in the crown of the hat.

4. Colored blankets are best, and if lined with brown drilling the warmth and durability are doubled, while the protection against dampness from lying on the ground is almost complete.

5. Never lie or sit down on the grass or bare earth for a moment, rather use your hat—a handkerchief, even, is a great protection. The warmer you are the greater need for this protection, as a damp vapor is immediately generated, to be absorbed by the clothing, and to cook you off too rapidly.

6. While marching, or on other duty, the more thirsty you are the more essential is it to safety of life itself, to rinse out the mouth two or three times, and *then* take a swallow of water at a time, with short intervals. A brave French general, on a forced march, fell dead on the instant, by drinking largely of cold water, when snow was on the ground.

7. Abundant sleep is essential to bodily efficiency, and to that alertness of mind, which is all important to an engagement; and few things more certainly and more effectually prevent sound sleep than eating heartily after sun-down, especially after a heavy march or desperate

battle.

8. Nothing is more certain to secure endurance and capability of long-continued effort, than the avoidance of everything as a drink except cold water, NOT excluding coffee at breakfast. Drink as little as possible of even cold water.

9. After any sort of exhausting effort, a cup of coffee, hot or cold, is an admirable sustainer of the strength, until nature begins to recover herself.

10. Never eat heartily just before a great undertaking; because the nervous power is irresistibly drawn to the stomach to manage the food eaten, thus drawing off that supply which the brain and muscles so much need.

11. If persons will drink brandy, it is incomparably safer to do so *after* an effort than before; for it can give only a transient strength, lasting but a few minutes; but as it can never be known how long any given effort is to be kept in continuance, and if longer than the few minutes, the body becomes more feeble than it would have been without the stimulus, it is clear that its use *before* an effort is always hazardous, and is always unwise.

12. Never go to sleep, especially after a great effort, even in hot weather, without some covering over you.

13. Under all circumstances, rather than lie down on the ground, lie in the hollow of two logs placed together, or across several smaller pieces of wood, laid side by side; or sit on your hat, leaning against a tree. A nap of ten or fifteen minutes in that position will refresh you more than an hour on the bare earth; with the additional advantage of perfect safety.

14. A *cut* is less dangerous than a bullet wound, and heals more rapidly.

15. If from any wound the blood spurts out in jets, instead of a steady stream, you will die in a few minutes, unless it is remedied; because an artery has been divided, and that takes the blood direct from the fountain of life. To stop this instantly, tie a handkerchief or other cloth very loosely BETWEEN the wound and the heart; put a stick, bayonet, or ramrod *between* the skin and the handkerchief, and twist it around until the bleeding ceases, and keep it thus till the surgeon arrives.

16. If the blood flows in a slow, regular stream, a vein has been pierced, and the handkerchief must be on the other side of the wound from the heart; that is, *below* the wound.

17. A bullet through the abdomen (belly or stomach) is more certainly fatal than if aimed at the head or heart; for in the latter cases the ball is often glanced off by the bone, or follows around it under the skin; but when it enters the stomach or bowels, from any direction, death is inevitable under all conceivable circumstances, but in scarcely ever instantaneous. Generally the person lives a day or two with perfect clearness of intellect, often not suffering greatly. The practical bearing of this statement in reference to the great future is clear.

18. Let the whole beard grow, but no longer than some three inches. This strengthens and thickens its growth, and thus makes a more perfect protection for the lungs against dust, and of the throat against winds and cold in winter, while in summer a great perspiration of the skin is induced, with the increase of evaporation; hence, greater coolness of the parts on the outside, while the throat is less feverish, thirsty and dry.

19. Avoid fats and fat meat in summer and in all warm days.

20. Whenever possible take a plunge into any lake or running stream every morning as soon as you get up; if none at hand, endeavor to wash the body all over as soon as you leave your bed, for personal cleanliness acts like a charm against all diseases, always either warding them off altogether or greatly mitigating their severity and shortening their duration.

21. Keep the hair of the head closely cut, say within an inch and a half of the scalp in

every part, repeated on the first of each month, and wash the whole scalp plentifully in cold water every morning.

22. Wear woolen stockings and moderately loose shoes, keeping the toe and finger nails always cut close.

23. It is more important to wash the feet well every night than to wash the face and hands of mornings, because it aids in keeping the skin and nails soft, and to prevent chaffings, blisters, and corns, all of which greatly interfere with a soldier's duty.

24. The most universally safe position after all stunnings, hurts and wounds, is that of being placed on the back, the head being elevated three or four inches only, aiding more than any one thing else can do, to equalize and restore the proper circulation of the blood.

25. The more weary you are after a march or other work, the more easily will you take cold, if you remain still after it is over, unless, the moment you cease motion, you throw a coat or blanket over your shoulders. This precaution should be taken in the warmest weather, especially if there is even a slight air stirring.

26. The greatest physical kindness you can show a severely wounded comrade is first to place him on his back, and then run with all your might for some water to drink; not a second ought to be lost. If no vessel is at hand, take your hat; if no hat, off with your shirt, wring it out once, tie the arms in a knot, as also the lower end, thus making a bag, open at the neck only. A fleet person can convey a bucketful half a mile in this way. I've seen a dying man clutch at a single drop of water from the fingers' end, with the voraciousness of a famished tiger.

27. If wet to the skin by rain or by swimming rivers, keep in motion until the clothes are dried, no harm will result.

28. Whenever it is possible, do, by all means when you have to use water for cooking or drinking from ponds or sluggish streams, boil it well, and when cool, shake it, or stir it, so that the oxygen of the air shall get to it, which greatly improves it for drinking. This boiling arrests the process of fermentation which arises from the presence of organic and inorganic impurities, thus tending to prevent cholera and all bowel diseases. If there is no time for boiling, at least strain it through a cloth, even if you have to use a shirt or trouser leg.

29. Twelve men are hit in battle dressed in red where there are only five dressed in a bluish gray--a difference of more than two to one; green, seven; brown, six.

30. Water can be made almost ice cool in the hottest weather by closely enveloping a filled canteen, or other vessel, with woolen cloth, kept plentifully wetted and exposed.

31. While on a march lie down the moment you halt for a rest. Every minute spent in that position refreshes more than five minutes standing or loitering about.

32. A daily evacuation of the bowels is indispensable to bodily health, vigor and endurance; this is promoted in many cases by stirring a teaspoonful of corn (indian) meal in a glass of water, and drinking it on rising in the morning.

33. Loose bowels, namely, acting more than once a day, with a feeling of debility afterwards, is the first step towards cholera. The best remedy is instant and perfect quietude of body, eating nothing but boiled rice, with or without boiled milk; in more decided cases a woolen flannel, with two thicknesses in front, should be bound tightly around the abdomen, especially if marching is a necessity.

34. To "have been to the wars" is a life-long honor, increasing with advancing years, while to have died in defence [sic] of your country will be the boast and the glory of your children's children.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, June 8, 1861, p. 2, c. 2

The Arkansaw Travelers.—Under this title a new company has been formed, from Duncan Township in Pulaski county, and the four townships in the counties adjoining. A flag was presented to the *Travelers*, by the ladies in that region. In presenting it Miss Josephine L. Anderson made the following address:--

*Arkansaw Travelers*:--Permit me to address you a few plain words in regard to the crisis now upon the country. We are in a revolution as wide as the nation itself. Our bonds with the North are broken asunder, as I believe never again to be reunited.

Therefore we, the weaker sex, will unite our sympathies and prayers, and ask Him who holds the destinies of nations in His hands, to be on the side of the South, which we believe to be the side of the right. We hope and believe that the North will be humbled in this contest, and compelled in future to attend to her own business, and let us and ours alone.

*Travelers*! Be of good cheer! Be bold. Above all be prudent with your bravery. The women and the girls of the country are not able to fight for her in the battle field; but we can give to you, soldiers, our best smiles and wishes and prayers, and they are now given in token of our high appreciation of your offering yourselves voluntarily as soldiers in the Southern Army.

We have prepared this beautiful Banner for you. Bear it as becomes soldiers in the field of duty, and if need be, to the field of battle. In presenting it we feel well assured that it is placed in the hands of brave men. Its colors, Red, White and Blue, are emblematical. The Stars are emblematical of our present and our future. It is made by the hands of the ladies of Duncan, Plant, and Royal Colony townships. What they ask is that you may rally under, and look upon it in the hour of battle, and never suffer it to trail in the dust of defeat. In looking upon this banner do not forget those who made and presented it to you. [illegible last sentence.]

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, June 8, 1861, p. 3, c. 3

The Rogues!—The Yankees have had much to say about the South stealing public property, forts, arsenals and munitions of war! Who built the forts of the North? Whose money raised the army and navy and built the ships? Wasn't it Southern money? Whose money built Fortress Monroe; and was not the land on which that fortress stands surrendered to the Federal agent for the purpose of defending Virginia? But they have grabbed all the common property they could lay their hands upon, and violated all faith by perverting that which was designed as an instrument for our defence [sic] into an agent for our oppression. The flag, too, which they have stolen, was not theirs. They did not make it, nor have they ever done anything for its honor or glory. "The Star-Spangled Banner," also, which they have appropriated, without leave, was the production of a Southern man. They have offered a reward to some Yankee to write one which will never be forthcoming, to take its place. In the meantime they prostitute it to their own vile despotism.

Excepting what they have stolen from the South: Generals, forts, money, ships and songs, they have nothing.

[Richmond Whig.]

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, June 8, 1861, p. 3, c. 3

Good Advice for the South.—We adopt the following suggestions from the Huntsville Advocate, and the South will be wise if she heeds them.

"Whatever can be made at the South now, should be. The war may be upon us for years, and our people should be prepared to endure its privations and provide for its necessities. The

day for luxuries, vain display, and foolish extravagance is over. We should husband our resources so as to be independent.

"Every branch of industry in the South should now redouble its exertions to supply the home demand. Every manufacturer of cloths, goods, boots, shoes, hats, foundries, clothing, hose, wooden ware, &c., &c., should let the public know at once what he makes, where he is to be found, and how he sells. The public needs information of this kind now, and look to the advertising columns of the newspapers for such knowledge."

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, June 15, 1861, p. 1, c. 8

From the Oxford (Miss.) Intelligencer.

Toby's Experience with a Breech-Loading Rifle.—Toby is a high private in the first regiment of the Mississippi army. His company is armed with a breech-loading Maynard rifle, warranted to shoot twelve times a minute, and carry a ball effectually 1600 yards. Men who fought at Monterey and Buena Vista called the new-fangled thing a "pop-gun." To test its efficacy, Toby's Captain told the men they must "try their guns." In obedience to command, Toby procured the necessary munitions of war and started with his "pop gun" for the woods; saws a squirrel up a very high tree; took aim; fired—effects of shot immediate and wonderful; tree effectually stripped, and nothing of the squirrel to be found except three broken hairs; "pop-gun" rose in value; equal to a four-pounder. But Toby wouldn't shoot towards any more trees, afraid of being arrested for cutting down other people's timber; walked a mile and a quarter to get sight of hill; by aid of a small telescope saw hill in the distance; saw large rock on hill; put in a big load; shut both eyes—fired. As soon as breath returned opened both eyes; could see, just could, but couldn't hear—at least couldn't distinguish any sounds; thought Niagara had broken loose, or all out-doors gone to drum beating; determined to see if shot hit; borrowed horse and started towards hill; after traveling two days and nights reached place; saw setting sun shining through hill; knew right away that was where his shot hit; went close; stumbled over rocky fragment scattered for half a mile in line of bullet; come to hole; knew the bullet hit there, because saw led on the edges; walked in and walked through; saw teamster on the other side "indulging in profane language"—in fact, "cussin' considerable" because lightning had killed his team; looked as finger directed; saw six dead oxen in line with hole through mountain; knew that was the bullet's work, but didn't say so to angry teamster; thought best to be leaving; in consequence didn't explore path of bullet any further; therefore don't know where it stopped; don't know whether it stopped at all—in fact, rather think it didn't; mounted horse; rode back through the hole made by the bullet; but never told Captain a word about it; to tell the truth, was rather afraid he'd think it a hoax. "It's a right big story, boys," said Toby, in conclusion, "but it's true, sure as shooting. Nothing to do with Maynard rifle but load her up, turn her North, and pull trigger; if twenty of them don't clean out all Yankeedom, then I'm a liar, that's all."

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, June 15, 1861, p. 2, c. 1

We hope that it will not be considered boastful when we state that the ladies of Little Rock, since the war began, have performed an extraordinary amount of patriotic labor. They have made nearly or quite three thousand military suits, upwards of fifteen hundred haversacks, and probably five thousand shirts, and have also covered over twelve hundred canteens. When it is considered that a large portion of this labor is necessarily done by hand, it is indeed wonderful how so much has been accomplished in the short space of six weeks. Nor has the patriotic ardor which urged them to these duties been at all lessened by the arduous services which they have so

cheerfully and so faithfully rendered their country, in this the day of her trial. They are willing to labor on and to the end with a high and holy purpose.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, June 15, 1861, p. 2, c. 2

We have received through the Post-office a little pamphlet, neatly gotten up, entitled "*The Southern Soldier's Health Guide*," by John Stainback Wilson, M. D., Member of the Medical Association of the State of Georgia. Price (postage pre-paid) 10 cents a single copy--\$7 per hundred. Address John S. Wilson, Columbus, Georgia.

This work is copy-righted in Georgia, or we should take pleasure in laying entire its valuable counsels before our readers. For the benefit of the gallant men who are eagerly pressing forward in the cause of their country, we make the following brief extract, and earnestly hope its every syllable may be pondered well and wisely.

Drinks.—The effects of all alcoholic drinks, when taken as a beverage, are evil—evil only, and that continually. The apparent strength and animation imparted by them is fictitious and delusive, the transient and temporary excitement arising from their use being invariably and necessarily followed by a collapse and sinking of the vital powers below par. This is true of every form of drink of which alcohol is a constituent.

What shall I say, then, of those villainous conglomerations of logwood, strychnine, sugar of lead, etc., which are sold by camp followers? Why simply this: that those who sell such stuff should be compelled to drink it. This would soon put an end to the traffic, and save the lives of many soldiers who thoughtlessly swallow such poisons. And I may add that no man who indulges freely in the use of any kind of alcoholic liquors will be likely to survive a protracted Southern campaign; and should he be so fortunate as to live through the war, he will return home a wreck in health and in morals, not to enjoy the fruits of his victories, but to fill an early grave.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, June 15, 1861, p. 4, c. 1

A Suggestion.—The following communication contains a suggestion for the times:

A very good coffee can be made, costing only 12½ cents, by mixing one spoonful of coffee with one spoonful of toasted corn meal, boil well and clear in the usual way. I have used it for two weeks, and several friends visiting my house say they could not discover any thing peculiar in the taste of my coffee, but pronounced it very good. Try it and see if we cannot get along comfortably, even while our ports are blockaded by the would be *king*. I can assure you it is very pleasant, though not strong enough to make us drunk.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, June 22, 1861, p. 2, c. 2

A Card.—Feeling the deepest sense of obligation to the ladies of Little Rock, for their many and repeated kindnesses, and particularly for the large amount of labor performed by them in making the entire uniform for our company, it is by the "Dixie Grays" unanimously

"Resolved, That the thanks of each and every member of this Company is most heartily tendered to the noble and patriotic ladies of Little Rock: the industry and self sacrificing spirit displayed by them shall serve as an example to each soldier, and nerve him to bear with patience the unavoidable ills of the ensuing campaign; and the remembrance that fairest fingers have aided in equipping him for the field, will lend double force to the blow dealt in defence [sic] of the homes of those whose place shall ever be nearest the soldier's heart.

Resolved, That this card be presented for publication at the office of the "Gazette."

Dixie Grays.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, June 22, 1861, p. 2, c. 2

Orange Pudding.—Put six ounces of fresh butter, and eight ounces of lump sugar, pounded in a mortar. Then grate in the rind of an orange beat the whole well together and as you do this gradually add eight eggs well beaten and strained.

Scrape a hard apple and mix it with the other ingredients. Put past in the bottom of the dish, put in the mixture and then pour over it cross bars of paste. Half an hour will be sufficient to bake it.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, June 22, 1861, p. 2, c. 3

Some days before the departure of the Sixth Regiment, Miss Pleasants presented a flag to the "Dixie Grays." We subjoin her remarks on the occasion:

Countrymen and Soldiers: Conflicting feelings agitate my heart as I survey this assemblage. Here are the strength and valor of our own "sunny South," willing, anxious, to move at her bidding.

A war has commenced, where it will end, God only knows! But there is one thing of which we are heartily glad—money-bought patriotism has fled our ranks.

No doubt Northern pomposity has thriven on fancied conquest. Sweet, sweet honey, the bees are in it, and they are not idle. They know that to will is easier than to accomplish, and while they pity the poor deluded honey-eaters, they are busily and silently sharpening their stings, and weaving their beautiful flag, the South, with a keen insight, made keener by the aroused spirit of proud resentment, and holy love for their wronged country, deliberately scans the question from every stand-point, and marks with unnerving judgment, the most accessible points. Has the North taken this precaution: Have they looked at home and abroad? They talk enthusiastically of help from our slaves. They will fight us hand to hand, and hilt to hilt, until a path of desolation is made through our fertile valleys, and then they will give a victorious shout, and the whole race of precious darkeys will rush to their protecting arms, and fight their battles. Magic! magic! Was a darkey ever charmed by gun or lance, when presented to his own heart? Had he not rather hoe corn and cotton, and feat on pork and potatoes? It is not hard to answer, and Yankeedom will find it so. But what will become of the poor starving wretches they leave at home, while they are exterminating us? Form a home guard? No! They will arise and lay that now prosperous land in ruins. They will endeavor to break their yokes, not of [fold in paper] you who have volunteered your services—your life, it may be, to your country—go not in vain! Lincoln says he fights for the Union and Flag, *you* fight for neither, but for Liberty! The God of Liberty will be with you—your cause is just and honorable, and victory will be your reward. Ere you go we will consign *this* flag to your charge. Friends, in the hour of conflict look on it and be chased [sic?], for it emblems many hearts united in one for the well-wishing of the South and her cause. Bear it proudly! In victory unfurl it—in death fold it close to your hearts as the shield of honor, and the zeal of glory.

To which Capt. Sam. Smith of the *Grays*, replied:

"Fair lady and fellow-soldiers: When a soldier is on the eve of departure from his home—when he is about to break asunder, perhaps forever, all the social ties that make life dear, there is no occasion which is better calculated to fill his heart with patriotism and which can awaken in his soul a firmer determination to meet in deadly conflict on the battle field, the foe of his country, than one like the present.

To know that woman smiles upon us, to hear her charming voice inciting us on to deeds of valor; to feel that we have her warmest sympathies, is enough to penetrate the inmost recesses

of the coldest hearth, and stir up feelings that perhaps were never aroused before. Her influence is supreme. We have seen her following the army to the ice-clad regions of Russia, administering to every want of the soldier as he presses his dying pillow, and as his soul takes its flight to the regions of eternity, she mutters a faint prayer that it may there find that rest, that it never knew here below. We have already experienced their kindness since our short sojourn here, and I know I can speak for every volunteer, when I say that they will long remember with gratitude, the ladies of the Capital of our State.

Soldiers: remember when you leave here it is for no trip of pleasure. Many of you will never more meet the approving smile of a mother, a father, a wife, a brother, a sister. You go as sacrifices upon the altar of your country. You go with the expectation, and I hope with a heartfelt willingness, to lay down your lives, if necessary, to sustain the honor and reputation of our glorious newly formed Confederacy. And if the Northern hordes persist in the reckless course they have already begun, it will not be long before the wailing voice of the orphan and widow will be heard through the hills and valleys of the sunny South. Let every sword leap from its scabbard, and let them not be sheathed until the enemy will have been driven back into the heart of their own country, and forced to admit the superiority of Southern chivalry.

Color-bearer take this flag and defend it, remember her who places it in your charge. Suffer it not to be brought back trailing in the dust, but rather, if it should ever return, may they behold victory perched upon its standard. Let every one be inspired with the determination to take a stand, either to live or die in Dixie.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, June 22, 1861, p. 3, c. 3

Soldier's Rations and Mode of Cooking Them.--The regular daily ration of food issued to the troops in the United States service, is three-fourths pound of fresh or salt beef; 18 ounces of bread, or 1¼ pounds of corn meal, and at the rate of 100 rations of eight quarts of peas or beans, or, in lieu thereof, 10 pounds of rice; 6 pounds of coffee, 12 pounds of sugar, 4 quarts of vinegar, 1½ pounds of tallow, or 1¼ pounds of adamantine, or 1 pound of sperm candles; 4 pounds of soap, and 2 quarts of salt.

On a campaign, or on marches, or on board transports, the ration of hard bread is one pound.

Fresh beef, when it can be procured, should be furnished at least twice a week; the beef to be procured, if possible, by contract.

#### Receipts.

1. Soldiers' Soup for 25 men.—Take 15 quarts of water to 25 pounds of meat, small tablespoonsful of salt, half a one of pepper, about 2 pounds of rice, put in while boiling, and what vegetables, fresh or preserved, that can be procured—say 3 pounds.

2. Pork Soup for 25 Men.—In 6 gallons of cold water put 12 pounds of pork, 3 quarts of beans, 2 pounds of rice, season to suit; let boil one hour and a half; soak the beans overnight.

3. Irish Stew for 25 Men.—Take 25 pounds mutton, veal, beef, or pork, cut into pieces six inches square, 4 pounds of onions, 8 pounds of potatoes, 4 tablespoonsful of salt, 1 of pepper, 8 quarts of water, cook it from 1 to 2 hours, slowly, thicken the gravy with flour mixed into smooth past with water or potatoes mashed fine.

4. Tea for 25 Men.--Allow 12 quarts of water; put the rations of tea--a large teaspoonful to each--in a cloth tied up very loosely, throw it into the boiler while it is boiling hard for a

moment; then take off the boiler, cover it, and let it stand full 10 minutes, when it will be ready for use; first add sugar and milk, if to be had, at the rate of 3 pints or 2 quarts of milk, and 1 or 1½ pounds of sugar.

5. Pork with Peas or Beans for 25 Men.--To 14 pounds of pork add 6 pounds of peas or beans, put them in a cloth to boil, tying it very loosely; place them both in the boiler, let them boil about 2 hours, then take out the pork, add some flour to the gravy, and put the peas or beans in it, with two or three onions cut up fine; let it boil a little longer, mash up the vegetables very finely, and serve them round the dish with the meat.

6. Plain Stewed Meat for 25 Men.--Take 14 pounds of mutton, beef, veal, or pork, cut it into chunks and put it into the boiler; add 4 quarts of water, 2 quarts to a teaspoonful of salt, and half teaspoonful of pepper, 8 or 10 onions cut in pieces, let it boil half an hour, then let it stew slowly from half an hour to one hour longer, adding one pound of rice, potatoes, or any vegetable that can be obtained; thicken the gravy with flour mixed to a smooth paste in cold water.

7. Stewed Salt Pork or Beef for 25 Men.--Wash the meat well, let it soak all night, wash out the salt as much as possible; 8 pounds of salt beef, 5 pounds of salt pork, one-third pound of sugar, 2 pounds of sliced onions, 6 quarts of water, and one pound of rice; let it simmer quietly for two or three hours.

8. Salt Pork with Potatoes and Cabbage for 25 Men.--Take 15 pounds of pork, extract the bones, 3 pounds of potatoes, 2 winter cabbages, let it boil for two hours, 10 quarts of water, serve the meat with the vegetables round it; the gravy will make a good broth with peas, beans, or rice added, also a little onion. Ship biscuit, broken into the broth makes a very nutritious soup.

9. To Fry any kind of Meat.--Get your frying pan very hot, put in some fat pork which will immediately melt, then put in the meat you wish to fry; (a small teaspoonful of salt, and a quarter of a teaspoonful of pepper, to every pound of meat;) when done, lay the meat on a dish, add one pint of water to the fat in the frying-pan, a few slices of onion, or two teaspoonfuls of vinegar; thicken it with a little flour, and pour it over the cooked meat. Any sauce, or a few chopped pickles may be substituted for the vinegar or onions.

10. Coffee for 25 Men.--Take 12 quarts of water, when it boils add 20 ounces of coffee, mix it well, and leave it on the fire till it commences to boil, then take it off, and pour into it a little more than one quart of cold water, let it stand in a warm place full ten minutes; the dregs will settle to the bottom, and the coffee be perfectly clear. Pour it then into another vessel, leaving the dregs in the first. Add sugar, four teaspoonfuls to the quart. If you can get milk, leave out five quarts of water in the above receipt, and put milk in its place.

11. Peas or Bean Soup for 25 Men.--Take 14 pounds of pork, 8 quarts peas, or beans, 20 quarts of water, 25 teaspoonfuls of sugar, 12 of pepper, and several large onions; boil gently till the vegetables are soft--from four to five hours.

12. Receipt for a small quantity of Mashed Meat.--Cut the meat in very small pieces; heat the frying-pan, put into it one pint of water, half a teaspoonful of salt, and a teaspoonful of flour, and let it cook fifteen minutes. Salt meat must be cooked the same, omitting the salt, in its place putting a small teaspoonful of sugar, spices, or pickles, chopped fine. Dish it on some ship biscuit. Steak, chops, sausages, bacon, slices of any kind of meat can be cooked in a frying-pan, with a little melted fat at the bottom. Salt meat should always be soaked.--Veile's Hand Book of Active Service.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, June 29, 1861, p. 1, c. 5-6

The Texas Camp-Meeting.—During the last week in September, 1836, the first

successful camp-meeting was held in eastern Texas. I employ the epithet "successful," because several previous failures had apparently rendered efforts of a like kind perfectly hopeless. Indeed, the meridian at this period was most uncongenial to religious and moral enterprise. The country bordering on the Sabine had been occupied rather than settled by a class of adventurers almost as wild as the savages they had scarcely expelled, and the bests of prey which still disputed their domain of primeval forests. Professional gamblers, refugees from every land, forgers of false coin, thieves, robbers and murderers, interspersed among the race of uneducated hunters and herdsmen, made up the strange social miscellany, without courts or prisons, or churches or schools, or even the shadow of civil authority, or subordination; a sort of unprincipled pandemonium, where fierce passion sat enthroned, waving its bloody sceptre [sic]—the bowie-knife! Let no one accuse me of exaggeration for the sake of dramatic effect; I am speaking now of Shelby county, the home of the lynchers, the terrible locale, where ten years later, forty persons were poisoned to death at a marriage supper.

It would be obvious, that in such a community, very few would be disposed to patronize camp-meetings; and, accordingly, a dozen different trials at various times, had never collected a hundred hearers on a single occasion. But even these were not allowed to worship in peace; uniformly the first day at night, a band of armed desperadoes, headed by the notorious Watt Foeman, chief judge and executioner of the Shelby lynchers, broke in the altar, scattered the mourners, or ascended the pulpit, and threatened the preachers to a gratuitous robe of tar and feathers. Hence all prudent evangelists soon learned to shun the left bank of the Sabine, as it had been infested by a cohort of demons, and two whole years elapsed, without any new attempt to erect the cross in so perilous a field.

At length, however, an advertisement appeared, promising another effort in behalf of the Gospel. The notice was *unique*, a perfect backwoods curiosity, both as to its tenor and mode of publication. Let me give it *verbatim et literatim*.

"BARBECUE CAMP-MEETING.—There will be a Camp-Meeting, to commence the last Monday of this month at the Double Spring Grove, near Peter Brinson's in the county of Shelby.

"The exercise will open with a splendid barbecue. The preparations are being made to suit all tastes; there will be a good barbecue, better liquors, and the best of Gospel.

"Paul Denton, Missionary, M. E. C.

"September 1, 1836."

This singular document was nailed to the door of every public house and grocery; it was attached to the largest trees at the intersection of all cross roads and principal trails; and even the wandering hunters themselves found it in remote dells of the mountains, miles away from the smoke of a human habitation.

At first many regarded the matter as a hoax played off by some wicked wag, in ridicule of popular credulity. But this hypothesis was negatived [sic?] by the statements of Peter Brinson, proprietor of the "Double Spring Grove," who informed all inquirers that "he had been employed and paid by a stranger, calling himself a Methodist missionary, to provide an ample barbecue, at the period and place advertised."

"But the liquor, the better liquor; are you to furnish the liquor too?" was the invariable question of each visitor.

"The missionary said he would attend to that himself," said Brinson.

"He must be a precious original," was the general rejoinder; a proposition which most of them afterwards had an opportunity to verify experimentally.

I need hardly add an intense excitement resulted. The rumor took wings and flew on the wind, turned to a storm, a storm of exaggeration, every echo increased in its sound, till nothing else could be heard but the "Barbecue Camp-Meeting." It became the focus of thought, the staple of dreams. And thus the unknown preacher had issued one thing in advance—a congregation embracing the entire population of the country, which was likely the sole purpose of his stratagem.

I was traveling in that part of Texas at the time, and my imagination being inflamed by the [fold in paper] and attended. But although my eyes witnessed the extraordinary scene, I may well despair of the undertaking to paint it; the pen of Homer or the pencil of Hogarth were alone adequate to the sublimity and burlesque of such a complicated task. I may only sketch the angular outline.

A space had been cleared away immediately around the magnificent "Double Spring," which boiled up with sufficient force to turn a mill-wheel, in the very centre of the evergreen grove. Here a pulpit had been raised, and before it was the inseparable altar of mourners. Beyond these at the distance of fifty paces, a succession of plank tables extended in the form of a great circle, or the perimeter of a polygon, completely enclosing the area about the spring. An odoriferous stream of the most delicious savor diffused itself through the air. This was from the pits of the adjacent prairie, where the fifty slaves of Peter Brinson were engaged in cooking the promised barbecue.

The grove itself was literally alive, teeming, swarming, running over with strange figures in human shape, men, women and children. All Shelby county was there. The hunters had come, rifle in hand, and dogs barking at their heels; the rogues, refugees and gamblers, with pistols in their belts, and knives peeping from their shirt bosoms, while here and there might be seen a sprinkle of well-dressed planters with their wives and daughters.

The tumult was deafening, a tornado of babbling tongues, talking, shouting, quarreling, betting, and cursing for amusement. Suddenly a cry arose, "Colonel Walt Foeman! Hurrah for col. Watt Foeman" and the crowd parted right and left, to let the lion lyncher pass. I turned to the advancing load-star of all eyes and shuddered involuntarily at the satanic countenance that met my glance, and yet the features were not only youthful but eminently handsome; the hideousness lay in the look of the savage fire—ferocious, murderous. It was in the reddish yellow eye-balls, with arrowy pupils, that seemed to flash jets of lurid flames; in the thin sneering lips with their everlasting icy smile. As to the rest he was a tall, athletic, very powerful man. His train, a dozen armed desperadoes, followed him.

Foeman spoke in a voice sharp, piercing as the point of a dagger: "Eh, Brinson, where is the missionary? We want to give him a plumed coat."

"He has not yet arrived," replied the planter.

"Well, I suppose we must wait for him; but put the barbecue on the boards; I am as hungry as a starved wolf."

"I cannot till the missionary comes; the barbecue is his property."

A fearful light blazed in Foeman's eyes as he took three steps towards Brinson, and fairly shouted "Fetch me the meat instantly, or I'll fill your own stomach with a dinner of lead and steel!"

This was the ultimatum of one whose authority was the only law, and the planter obeyed without a murmur. The smoking viands were arranged on the table by a score of slaves and the throng prepared to commence the sumptuous meal, when a voice pealed from the pulpit, loud as a blast of a trumpet in battle, "Stay, ladies and gentlemen, till the giver of the barbecue asks

God's blessing!"

Every ear started, every eye was directed to the speaker, and a whisperless silence ensued, for all alike were struck by his marvelous appearance.

He was almost a giant in stature, through scarcely twenty-one years of age; his hair, dark as the raven's wing, flowed down his immense shoulders in masses of natural ringlets, more beautiful than ever wreathed around the [fold] brow of a queen by the labored achievement of human art; his eyes, black as midnight [fold] gleaming like stars, over a face as pale as Parisian marble, calm, passionless, spiritual, and wearing a singular, indefinable expression, such as might have been had by the light of a dream from paradise or the luminous shadow of an angel's wing. The heterogeneous crowd—hungers, gamblers, homicides—gazed in mute astonishment.

The missionary prayed, but it sounded like no other prayer ever addressed to the throne of the Almighty. It contained no encomiums on the splendor of Divine attributes; no petitions in the tone of commands; no [fold] for distant places, times or subjects; [fold] applied instructions as to the administration of government of the universe. It related exclusively to the present people and the present [fold] it was the cry of the naked soul, and that soul was a beggar for bread and water of heavenly [fold].

He ceased, and not till then did I become conscious of weeping. I looked around [fold] my tears and saw a hundred faces wet as with rain.

"Now, my friends, partake of God's gifts of the table, and then come and sit down and listen to his gospel."

It would be impossible to describe the sweet tone of kindness in which those simple words were uttered that made him on the instant five hundred friends. One heart, however, in the assembly was maddened by the evidence of the preacher's wonderful powers. Colonel Watt Foeman exclaimed in a sneering voice. "Mr. Paul Denton, your reverence has lied. You promised us not only a good barbecue, but a better liquor. Where is your liquor?"

"There!" answered the missionary in tones of thunder, and pointing his motionless finger at the Double Spring, gushing up in two strong columns, with a sound like a shout of joy from the bosom of the earth. "There!" he repeated with a look terrible as lightning, while his enemy actually trembled at his feet; "there is the liquor, which God, the Eternal, brews for all his children.

"Not in the simmering still, over smoking fires, choked with poisonous gases, and surrounded with the stench of sickening odors and rank corruption, doth your Father in Heaven prepare the precious essence of life, pure cold water. But in the green glade and grassy dell, where the red deer wanders and the child loves to ply, there God himself brews it; and down, low down in the deepest valleys, where the fountain murmurs and the rills sing; and high upon the mountain tops, where the naked granite glitters, like gold in the sun, where the storm cloud broods and the thunder-storms crash; and away, far out on the wide, wide sea where the hurricane howls music, and the big waves roar the chorus, "sweeping the march of God"—there he brews it, that beverage of life, health-giving water.

"And everywhere it is a thing of beauty; gleaming in the dew drop; singing in the summer rain; shining in the icy gem, till the trees seemed turned to living jewels; spreading a golden veil over the setting sun, or a white gauze around the midnight moon; sporting in the cataract; sleeping in the glacier; dancing in the hail shower; folding bright snow curtains softly above the wintery world, and weaving the many colored iris, that seraph's zone on the sky, whose warp is the rain of the earth, whose woof is the sunbeams of heaven, all checkered o'er with celestial flowers, by the mystic hand of satisfaction, still always, it is beautiful, that blessed cold water.

No poison bubbles on its being; its foam brings not madness and murder; no blood stains its liquid glass; pale widows and starving orphans weep not burning tears in its clean depths; no drunkard's shrieking ghost from the grave curses it in words of despair. Speak out my friends, would you exchange it for the demon's drink—alcohol?"

A shout like the roar of the tempest answered—"No!" "No!"

Critics need never tell me again the backwoodsmen are deaf to the divine voice of eloquence; for I saw, at the moment, the missionary held the hearts of the multitude, as it were, in the hollow of his hand; and the popular feeling ran in a current so irresistible that even the duelist, Watt Foeman, dared not venture another interruption during the meeting.

I have just reviewed my report of that singular speech in the foregoing sketch; but, alas! I discover that I had utterly failed to convey the full impression, as my reason and imagination received it. The language, to be sure, is there; that I never could forget; but it lacks the spirit, the tone of utterable pathos, the cadences of mournful music alternating with the gushes of terrible power; it lacks the gesticulation, now graceful as the play of a golden willow in the wind, and anon, violent as the motion of a mountain pine in a hurricane; it lacks that pale face, wrapped in its dreams of the spirit land, and those unfathomable eyes flashing a light such as never beamed from sun or stars, and more than all, it lacks the magnetism of the mighty soul that seemed to diffuse itself among the hearers as a viewless stream of electricity, penetrating the brain like some secret fire, melting the hearts, mastering revolutions.

The camp-meeting continued, and a revival attended it such as never before or since was witnessed in the forests of Texas. But, unfortunately, on the last day of the exercise, news arrived on the ground that a neighboring farmer had been murdered, and his wife and children carried away prisoners by the Indians.

The young missionary sprung into the pulpit and proposed an immediate organization of a company to pursue the savages. The suggestion being adopted, the mover himself was elected to lead the party. After several days of hard riding, they overtook the barbarous enemy in the Grand Prairie. The missionary charged foremost of his troops, and having performed prodigies of bravery, fell; not by the hand of the Indian warrior, but by a shot from one of his own horsemen.

I need scarcely name the assassin; the reader will have anticipated me: the incarnate fiend, Col. Watt Foeman, chief hangman of the Shelby lynchers, and, ten years later, a master cook at the poisoned wedding.

Such is the only fragment of the biography of a dazzling luminary, that rose and set in the wilderness, a torn leaf from Paul Denton's book of life. Peace to his ashes. He sleeps well in the lone isle of evergreens, surrounded by the evergreen sea of the prairie. Nature's beloved son inherits her consistent tomb, that last possession, the inalienable fee simple of all time.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, June 29, 1861, p. 1, c. 6

#### Double-Barreled Shot Guns as Arms.

--Messrs. Editors: Allow me to suggest that although approved rifles and muskets may be scarce in the Southern States, we have a most efficient weapon in the above named piece; and if, as some estimate, there be three or four hundred thousand of these arms in the South, and in excellent order too, we are better off than some suppose. And it should be suggested through the press, that our citizens should gather, put in order, and keep in readiness in a safe place, all these

arms (as indeed they should all guns, pistols, swords, knives, etc.) for they are really as effective weapons as we have—as all used to them know—whether loaded with ball, buckshot, or slugs. All our citizens know how to load and shoot this arm as speedily and well as they do the rifle, and it is almost invariably their chosen weapon of defense against deadly attack.

Indeed, I doubt not that this, from its efficiency and our familiarity with it, will be, with proper auxiliary arms and ammunition, the best weapon we can have for that guerilla warfare which we ought to prepare for, and which, perhaps, we may be compelled to wage.

The minnie ball is probably well adapted to this gun as to the rifle or musket. Its expansion will cause it to be shot as far and as forcibly, almost as accurately, and quite as destructively, from that as from these. Any skillful blacksmith can make minnie bullet moulds [sic].

Such artisan could also make and fit a knife-bayonet to the weapon, thus making it in some degree fit for infantry.

The fire of a body of men thus armed would be quite destructive; minnie balls being used for distant shots, while, on nearing the enemy, cartridges loaded heavily with buckshot or slugs, could be used.

Where these are not sufficient muskets or rifles—if in no other contingency—our militia or infantry should be drilled with these weapons. I know an infantry company using them, and a troop that intend to substitute them for carbines, and I understand that a company of mounted gun-men is being formed in Tennessee, who expect to be armed with heavy double barreled shot guns, instead of rifles.

I will also suggest, in conclusion, as a measure of safety, that not only should these and all other arms be gathered up and kept in a secure place under lock, but that there should be on every plantation a good tool house, (which, by the way, is excellent economy in ordinary times,) where everything that could be used as offensive weapons should be securely kept, instead of lying loose about the plantation.

Respectfully,

S.

New Orleans, June 8.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, June 29, 1861, p. 1, c. 8

An Arkansas Heroine.—The *Pocahontas Herald* details the following:

Miss Williams, a daughter of Isaac Williams, living in Black river swamp about seven miles from this place heard the report of the approach of troops to this place on Sunday evening. Her father was not at home, but she immediately caught a horse and was soon off in search of him.

She found him at a neighbor's, and told him to hurry on home and get his gun and come here and help to drive back the enemy. She then returned home, got down her father's rifle, moulded [sic] his lead all into bullets, took the gun powder and bullets and hid them under the house and again got on the horse and rode to several houses and spread the alarm, returning home in time to give the old man his gun and ammunition, and started him, with a crowd of ten men whom she had collected for the scene of action. All of this she done in less than two hours. Such acts of heroism should not be passed by without notice.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, July 20, 1861, p. 2, c. 1

Socks for the Soldiers.—As the cold weather approaches it is the part of wisdom to provide for it—especially should we provide for the comfort of the brave soldiers who are in the

field in our defence [sic]. They are now, with some exceptions well clothed and provided. Their comfort and health in the winter will be greatly increased by keeping their feet warm—hence we suggest the propriety of every lady in the country knitting at least one good pair of woolen socks for our soldiers. And if any of the ladies in the country have a surplus of yarn, they can serve the cause by forwarding it to town, that it may be knit by the ladies here.

Mr. S. H. Tucker will receive contributions from the country in this part of the State, and see that they are properly forwarded to their destination. Let the people of every county take this matter in hand, and a great good can be achieved by a comparatively small effort on the part of all.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, July 20, 1861, p. 2, c. 1

Col. Cleburne's Regiment.—Though, as a general thing, our army is admirably clothed, Col. Cleburne's regiment have been in the field until their clothes are somewhat the worse for the wear. We would suggest the propriety of a complete new suit being made and forwarded to every soldier in that regiment. It can be done by a few counties, and the burthen not felt. Even if more clothes were sent than this regiment need, they can, doubtless, be distributed advantageously among some of the soldiers of the other commands. Who will move in this matter?

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, July 20, 1861, p. 2, c. 2

Flag Presentation.—On Thursday afternoon a flag was presented to Capt. Jester's company of Rangers, with an appropriate address from the ladies of Hot Spring county. The flag was presented, and the address read, by Maj. Turnbull. The speech on the reception of the flag by the company was made by Col. Jno. R. Fellows, and in his most happy and [illegible] style.

[Next issue on reel August 24, 1861]

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, August 24, 1861, p. 2, c. 1

Clothing for the Soldiers.—The Military Board has sent circular letters to the different counties, and published an advertisement in the True Democrat, calling on the citizens to furnish clothing for our soldiers now in the field.

The county Judge, the Clerk and the Sheriff of each county have been appointed, by the Military Board, a central committee in each county, for the purpose of collecting such clothing as may be procured. These committees are requested to urge the ladies to form societies for the purpose of furnishing soldiers clothes.

The central committees are directed to form clothing depots at such points in their respective counties as they may deem advisable. At these depots they will receive and receipt for every thing suitable for the army that may be placed there. The Military Board proposes paying in Arkansas or Confederate Bonds for the clothing so received.

As blankets are necessary to our soldiers in camp, all who have extra numbers of them are asked to divide with the soldiers. All shoes which may be supplied will be paid for.

As winter approaches the committees are urged to be diligent and prompt in the discharge of the duties assigned them.

[Next issue on reel—December 14, 1861]

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, December 14, 1861, p. 1, c. 6

Attention Ladies—Fashions for the Winter.—A fashionable authority says:

Bonnets are worn higher in front and closer at the sides than they were in summer, but in no other respects is there much variation. They are very much ornamented both outside and inside, and there is a talk of their being even more extravagantly trimmed.

The skirts of dresses are made quite long and full as ever, and rarely without some trimming. A very simple, and at the same time elegant, way of trimming a dress for negligé [sic], is with five, seven, or nine rows of thick braid placed above the hem, the top row forming a Hungarian knot at each side. This trimming is very pretty on thick materials, in which case the braid is superseded [sic] by graduated velvet. Narrow flounces and pelisses are still much worn, as well as plain bands of well contrasting colors either in silk or plush. The most elegant way of putting gauffered flounces is in scallops and not more [than] three in number.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, December 14, 1861, p. 2, c. 1

Our terms hereafter will be in advance as follows:

Two dollars per annum in specie, or,

Two dollars and fifty cents in paper money.

We are forced to this by the great enhancement in the price of printing paper and the great depreciation in the value of all kinds of paper money. It is necessity with us to keep up our paper. Our receipts from Job work and advertising having long since almost entirely ceased—we have to rely solely upon the subscriptions to the paper to keep it going.

Under these circumstances we are compelled, when our subscribers pay us in paper money, to demand two dollars and fifty cents as the advance price of our paper.

This is not done to depreciate Arkansas paper. We place it on a footing with the best of paper money. But Gold is at a premium, and we can purchase our supplies with nothing else. We will sell any paper money we receive for gold; it is necessary to procure supplies and keep our paper going.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, December 14, 1861, p. 2, c. 1

Fireman's Ball.—The Pulaski fire Company will give a Ball at the Anthony House on the 26<sup>th</sup> inst., the proceeds of which are to be appropriated for the benefit of the needy families of absent soldiers. The object is praiseworthy, and the more so because the relief afforded will be to our immediate neighbors. We are certain that the Fireman's ball will be a success.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, December 14, 1861, p. 2, c. 1

The Tableaux and Concert at the Theater Hall, last week, for the benefit of our sick soldiers, was as great a success as could have been desired. The Hall was never so crowded, the audience seemed delighted with the entertainment, and a handsome sum of money was realized—that ought to satisfy every body.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, December 14, 1861, p. 2, c. 2

The Darkies' Ball, this week, for the benefit of our sick soldiers, was one of the most valuable collections of the season. Nearly a million of dollars was represented, it yielded a good per cent. of money for our soldiers, and a better one of enjoyment for the dusky participants. It was, in all respects, orderly, well conducted, and as creditable to the taste of the getters up as the act itself is to their hearts.

[Next issue on reel March 1, 1862]

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, March 8, 1862, p. 1, c. 5

The paper mill, which for some time has been stopped at Mobile, we are glad to learn has been purchased by Messrs. T. D. Harper and W. G. Betterton, of this city. Under the control of these energetic gentlemen this enterprise must prove a complete success. The public, as well as the press, are interested in the success of this experiment, for there is some danger that the communication between New Orleans and most of the paper mills will be cut off, in which case the supply of wrapping paper and material for newspapers will be exhausted. We presume our rail road companies will extend every facility to Messrs. Harper & Betterton.

[N. O. Delta.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, March 15, 1862, p. 2, c. 1

The Tyler Reporter, of the 27<sup>th</sup> ult., has the following:

We learn that five fellows were hung at South Sulphur, Hopkins county, a few days ago, for treasonable conduct. Right! Preach us long funerals about the evils of mob-law, at other times, and under other circumstances, but we say hang the last one that can be caught. We have been notified to watch for Lincoln's incendiaries, and let us do it, and never have to hunt the same one twice.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, April 5, 1862, p. 1, c. 1

It has been suggested to us that the Ladies throughout the State could render a great service to the cause in which we are now engaged, by forwarding to this place for the use of the Hospitals here established, such articles as may be of service to the sick, for instance: Hospital shirts, drawers, towels, sheets, pillows, pillow-cases, and any and all other things which might be useful, and which with very little trouble could be made up in the shortest period of time.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, April 12, 1862, p. 1, c. 1

The ladies have been earnest in their labors at each and all of the hospitals in the city, and to their efforts may be traced much of the good that is being done, and the sufferings which they have alleviated had been immense. The reward of the blessed shall certainly be their compensation.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, May 3, 1862

[Next issue on reel June 7, 1862]

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, June 7, 1862, p. 1, c. 1

Resumption of the Gazette.—Having unexpectedly received a supply of paper, the publication of the Gazette is resumed, and it will be published and sent to subscribers regularly. Its publication will be continued, though it may be without profit, or even at a pecuniary sacrifice. In the present condition of the country our readers are cut off from outside papers, and, in as far as we can, we will supply them with news. Our stock of paper is sufficient to last us until times are better or worse.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, June 14, 1862, p. 1, c. 3

Meeting of the Ladies' Soldier's Aid Association.—There will be a meeting of the Ladies' Soldier's Aid Association, at the Hall over James Confectionary, on Main street, on Thursday next, at 10 o'clock, A. M. Ladies from the city and county, not members of the Association, but who are disposed to respond to Dr. Keller's call, are all invited to attend. Let the meeting be a full one.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, June 14, 1862, p. 2, c. 5

Medical Headquarters, Trans-Miss. Dist.,  
Little Rock, June 7, 1862.}

To the Mothers and Daughters of Arkansas, Louisiana and Texas:

Whose patriotism is unexcelled, we appeal for aid from you. The surgeons of hospitals and regiments are in need of Old Linens and Cottons, Lint and Bandages, and must rely upon you alone to furnish them, there being no other means of procuring a sufficiency. The Bandages should be about five yards long, from two to three inches wide and firmly rolled. Packages of these articles should be carefully put in sacks and directed and sent by safe conveyance to Dr. Silverberg, Medical Purveyor, Little Rock, Arkansas, who will thankfully acknowledge their receipt.

James M. Keller,  
Medical Director Trans-Miss. Dist., C. S. A.

June 11, 1862.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, June 14, 1862, p. 2, c. 6

Peas! Peas! Peas!

One of the great necessities of the Army is the Pea or Bean. Owing to the neglect of planters during the past year there are but few in the country. Let every planter put in a large crop this year. The army will require thousands of bushels. The planter who cannot find any sale for his cotton, can find ready sale for Peas, and employment for his negroes in gathering them.

I wish now to purchase Five Thousand Bushels of Peas or Beans for which the highest market price will be paid, in cash, on delivery to me at Little Rock.

John C. Palmer, Major.  
and Chief Commissary, Trans-Miss. District.

June 5, 1862.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, June 14, 1862, p. 2, c. 6

Rye! Rye! Rye!

I wish to purchase two thousand bushels of Rye, for the use of the Army of the Confederate States, to be delivered at Arkadelphia and Little Rock.

John C. Palmer, Major.  
and Chief Commissary Trans-Miss. Dist.

June 12, 1862.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, June 14, 1862, p. 2, c. 6

Hay.

Headquarters Trans-Miss. District}  
Little Rock, June 10, 1862.}

Proposals will be received at this office to furnish for the use of the army Two Thousand Tons of Prairie Grass or other good Hay, to be delivered at such points on the Memphis and Little Rock rail road as may be agreed upon.

Planters throughout the State are earnestly advised to plant large crops of Millett and Hungarian Grass seed.

John H. Crump, Major  
and Chief Commissary, Trans-Miss. District,

June 12, 1862.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, June 14, 1862, p. 2, c. 6

Mustard and Red Pepper.

The Major General Commanding directs me to appeal to the patriotism of all farmers, and urge upon them the importance of planting quantities of Peas or Beans, Mustard and Red Pepper. The troops must have vegetables to eat, and some condiment with which to season their meat. We can rely upon no source of supply for the wants of the army but ourselves. What our own people fail to raise, we must do without. Cut off from the East bank of the Mississippi river, no supplies of Rice can be calculated upon.

The generous response of the people to the action of the Legislature, providing for an increased production of breadstuffs, shows that their heart is in the great struggle, and that it is only necessary to call their attention to the wants of the army to have them supplied.

John C. Palmer, Major  
and Chief Commissary Trans-Miss Dist.

June 14, 1862.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, June 14, 1862, p. 2, c. 6

Red Pepper! Red Pepper!

I wish to purchase 20,000 pounds of Red Pepper for the use of the army, for which a fair price will be paid on delivery to me at Little Rock.

Sealed proposals for furnishing the same are invited.

John C. Palmer, Major  
and Chief Commissary, Trans-Miss. District.

June 5, 1862.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, July 12, 1862, p. 1, c. 1

Carding Machine and Loom Factory.—In our last issue we omitted to call attention to the advertisement of Capt. E. C. Morton, who cards wool, and manufactures looms, at his plantation

in Arkansas county. As Capt. M. devotes the entire profits of this branch of his labors to the benefit of the families of absent volunteers, his facilities for doing good will be increased, and the country served to that much greater extent, by keeping him constantly engaged in filling orders.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, July 12, 1862, p. 2, c. 6

### Wool Carding and Loom Making.

The undersigned is prepared to card Wool at his place on the Arkansas River, thirty miles below Pine Bluff.

Persons sending Wool are requested to have it *thoroughly* washed.

*All Burs* and *hard* substances must be carefully picked out.

Wool should not be greased at home, as it makes it gum, hard to card, and naps it.

One pound of Lard or Oil should be sent with every eight pounds of wool to be carded.

*Terms of Carding.*—One-fourth of the wool.

I am also manufacturing Looms, with "Flying Shuttle," on which a good hand can weave forty yards of plain cloth per day. They are substantially and neatly made of seasoned Ash, are well ironed and will last a life-time.

Price—Fifty Dollars.

I desire to purchase several "Spinning Jennys," and will pay a high price for them. Persons having old ones, or any parts thereof, not in use, will aid the cause, by writing me, as from several old ones, sufficient material might be procured to make an effective one.

Address,

Edw'd C. Morton,  
Cummins P. O., Arkansas county, Arks.

July 5, 1862.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, July 19, 1862, p. 1, c. 3

Supporting Families of Absent Soldiers.—In order to secure the means of support absolutely necessary to prevent want and, in some instances (especially in the country marched through by Gen. Curtis' army), to prevent starvation, Gen. Hindman has called upon the Governor, as President of the Military Board, to appropriate the sum of \$250,000, to be expended in the purchase of provisions, which should be accumulated at depots in the different counties, and issued exclusively to indigent families of volunteers and conscripts.

The General very properly and very truly remarks that:—"This will be no gratuity on the part of the State: it will be the simple performance of a sacred duty—that of caring for those whom she has left helpless by calling into the field their natural protectors and providers."

If, in ordinary times, there might be some doubt as to the power or authority of the Military Board to make this disposition of money appropriated to be expended for the purpose of advancing the cause of our independence, the emergency is such as to warrant a slight departure from the strict letter of the law, [the applying of this appropriation to the support of women and children brought to want by the absence of their husbands and fathers in our army, is certainly within the spirit of the law], and any slight departure from its letter, could, and would, be remedied, promptly by the Legislature, whenever it meets. But if there should be such doubts in regard to power to act as to prevent the Military Board from rendering the aid asked for by Gen. Hindman, both the letter and spirit of the law can be complied with, fully, by making an advance

of the amount asked for, to be used in aid of, and auxiliary to, the Confederate cause. The money, so advanced, could be distributed, by Gen. Hindman, through the officers of his organization in the State, better than in any other manner, or by any other persons. The military authorities have better facilities of obtaining correct information, and of distributing supplies of provisions to the needy than can be had elsewhere.

Whether the Military Board take the one view or the other of this matter, we hope to see the money appropriated, and applied to its proper purpose, at the earliest practicable time; and if they can so far forget the necessities of those brought to want by sending their "protectors and providers" forth as soldiers to fight in the cause of their country, the sooner they make their purpose known the better, for other means will have to be resorted to, and the suffering of the people should not be unnecessarily prolonged.

There is more suffering now, and more demand for immediate relief, in that part of the country which was occupied by Gen. Curtis, and over which his army marched when leaving the State, than in any other region; but there are needy families, who ought to be provided, in many other places. And we repeat that whatever action is taken in behalf of these sufferers should be taken promptly.

The appropriation of money by the Military Board, and its expenditure as herein suggested, is for the prompt relief of the persons now in actual want. Further and other measures will have to be adopted, and further and other supplies will have to be raised, to meet the future wants of the wives and families of the absent soldiers. For this purpose the dependence of the country is upon her every citizen who produces more bread and meat than he consumes; but upon the larger planters—the more wealthy men of the country—is the chief dependence placed.

With the express view of raising an abundant supply of provisions for our soldiers in the army, and their needy families at home, overseers on all plantations were exempted from conscription. The absent soldier stands between the overseer and his employer and his property and danger—fighting their battles and defending them and their possessions from the enemy. It is the part of the planter and the overseer, then, to see that the family of the soldier who is fighting for them be not deprived of the means of living by his absence from home in the service of the country.

In the future numbers of our paper we propose giving some attention to this subject. We feel assured that all planters, and, indeed, all who make more than necessary for home consumption, will come forward promptly and aid in the support of the families of absent soldiers. Those who contribute to so noble a work will do only their duty; but, in the act, they will cast their bread upon the waters, to be gathered again after many days.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, July 19, 1862, p. 1, c. 4

When last heard from Gen. Curtis was making and fighting his way towards the eastern part of the State. He was harassed and had his supplies cut off by guerillas, annoyed and had his road obstructed by partisans, and had his men shot from behind trees, from thickets, and from canebrakes, by sharp-shooters. If it had been possible for our generals to meet him, in force, they would have captured his whole army. He can now date his edicts, as military Governor of Arkansas, from across the Mississippi. The few traitorous, degenerate, or credulously weak-minded men, who took the oath, will not regret the departure of the Federals; while all true and good men will rejoice at their being compelled to leave the State. No country ever was, or ever can be, worse devastated and laid waste than that which has been occupied, and marched over, by the Federal army. Every thing which could be eaten by hungry horses or men has been

devoured, and not content with foraging upon the country, almost every thing which could not be eaten was destroyed. Fences and other improvements on farms have been burned. Houses have been robbed, and such furniture and other things as could not be removed, destroyed. Everything which wanton wickedness or thievish minds could suggest has been brought to bear upon our people to grind them into dust by oppression, and to starve such as survived. Even disguised traitors and weak-backed Union men, who were in the country, and timid, but well meaning citizens, who were bullied and starved into taking the oath, have not been spared. All have suffered. Besides the wanton destruction of property in the general devastation of the country, Gen. Curtis, by the time he gets beyond the borders of the State, will have stolen at least two thousand negroes. He has not been content to steal men, who would be useful in working roads, making fortifications, and other work necessary in the army, but he has stolen women and children, who are of no use, and are, besides, a burthen and expense to him on his march. Although we have lost many valuable lives and large quantities of property, by the invasion of Gen. Curtis army, and although much want and some suffering and starvation may ensue from his laying the country waste, yet, in the end, his invasion of Arkansas will be of great benefit to our cause. Our people see what kind of government, and what manner of protection, the Federals would extend over them. It is said that, where the Federal army has been, all men capable of bearing arms, and who are not traitors that deserve hanging on the first tree, are ready to join our army and fight for the South "till the last armed foe expires"—that Curtis' army has been the best Southern recruiting officer that could have been sent into the country.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, July 19, 1862, p. 1, c. 7

Peach Leaf Yeast.—Hops cost two dollars per pound, leaves cost nothing, and peach leaves make *better yeast* than hops. Thus: take three handfuls of peach leaves and three medium sized potatoes, and boil them in two quarts of water until the potatoes are done; take out the leaves and throw them away, peel the potatoes and rub them up with a pint of flour, adding cool water sufficient to make a paste, then pour on the hot peach leaf tea, and let it stand for about five minutes. If you add to this a little old yeast, it will be ready for use in three hours. If you add none, it will require to stand a day and a night before use. Leaves dried in the shade are as good as fresh ones. As this is stronger than hop yeast, less should be used in making up the dough.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, July 19, 1862, p. 2, c. 3

Arkansas Institute for the Blind.—Otis Patten, Principal.—In the midst of our troubles, let us not forget those whose life has been darkened by misfortune. Their claims upon us are as high as those of liberty. Many persons of our community have subscribed to the Blind Asylum at Arkadelphia sums which still remain unpaid, and which are much needed by this infant Institution, struggling under debt, and with a mere pittance of government appropriation. Contributions of money, coarse cloth, and broom corn will be acceptable.

The following facts are furnished us by Mr. I. Lawrence, a gentleman well known amongst us for a life devoted to all the gentle charities, and who will take interest in receiving and forwarding any aid:

"Another term of this Institution closed the 27<sup>th</sup> ult. Ten pupils have been in the school, 9 of whom were State or indigent blind. The legislature at its last term made appropriations for so many other poor blind as could be brought into this school (numbers limited to 20) and thus far has been in funds to pay their expenses, with something remaining in the treasury to begin

another term.

"The progress of the pupils in their studies has been most satisfactory and encouraging. They are taught reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, spelling and all common school instruction and learn nearly all of them with surprising rapidity; singing lessons on the piano are also given them, and all are taught some kind of work, the girls sewing and bead work, the boys mattress and broom making and bottoming chairs. For some weeks back they have been engaged in making mattresses for the government hospital at Arkadelphia. Many of them will be fitted by these trades to obtain a support for themselves who would otherwise be useless and dependent. All the pupils are boarded in the school and are under the immediate care and family government of the superintendent and his wife, and are happy and healthy—cleanly in their habits.

Next term commences Sept. 1<sup>st</sup>, with a probably increase of 5 or 6 pupils.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, July 19, 1862, p. 2, c. 3

Candles from Soft Tallow.—The following receipt I have used, and know it to be valuable: To 12 pounds of tallow add a half gallon of water; to which three tablespoonsful of pulverized alum, and two of salt-petre [sic], which heat and dissolve. Then add tallow and 1 pound of bees wax; boil hard together until the water evaporates, and skim well while boiling. It should not be put into the mould hotter than you can bear your hand in. The candles look much nicer when the wicks are not tied at the bottom. It is not only a disagreeable task to cut the wick off but it injures the moulds. Never heat moulds to draw candles in cold weather. Perhaps it is not generally known that tallow from beeves, fed on corn or grain, is much softer than when fed on grass or clover. Therefore, the tallow from grass-fed cattle should always be hard, with the addition of a very little alum and bees-wax. In very cold weather much less alum may be used, or they will crack so as to fall to pieces sometimes; and a third more of each should be used in very warm weather if the tallow is very soft.

[Prairie Farmer.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, July 19, 1862, p. 1, c. 4

"I Wish I Was in Dixie."—An ambitious party of juvenile Philadelphians were "recently serenading a pretty daughter of a wealthy Quaker. They had sung the popular air "I wish I was in Dixie," for about a half an hour when a window was raised and a nightcap, surmounting an elderly face, appeared. Presently, in measured phrases, the old gentleman proceeded to say, "My fiddling and singing young friends, this is no fit hour to sing songs and play upon instruments to the disturbance of weary people. Ye express the wish that ye were in Dixie, and I must say that both I and my daughter Esther earnestly wish the same. But if Dixie is a distant place, I would advise ye to move on or you will not be in Dixie until a very late hour." And the sash went down with a bang."

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, July 19, 1862, p. 1, c. 3

Cabbage Salad.—Chop enough cabbage fine to fill a vegetable dish. Heat a coffee cup of strong vinegar, with a lump of butter in it the size of a small egg. Pepper and salt. When hot, beat an egg very light and stir in; then pour all on to the chopped cabbage.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, August 2, 1862, p. 2, c. 6

Peaches! Peaches!

Office Chief Commissary Trans Miss. Dis. }  
Little Rock, July 28, 1862. }

Any quantity of good ripe Peaches for the use of the army, will be purchased, on delivery to the Post Commissary at Little Rock, or at Crystal Hill. The highest market price, per bushel, will be paid.

Proposals for furnishing from Twenty to Five Hundred Bushels daily are invited, to be delivered at Little Rock, Crystal Hill, Benton and Rockport, or such other places as may be designated.

John C. Palmer.  
Major and Chief Commissary.

August 2, 1862.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, August 16, 1862, p. 1, c. 1

From Memphis.—Mrs. White, wife of Dr. White, one of the Surgeons in the Hospital at this place, has arrived from Memphis, where she has been since that city was taken by the Federals. She confirms all that has been told of the tyrannous and atrociously outrageous conduct of the Federals towards Southerners placed in their power by the fortunes of war. If children now growing up do not always loathe the name of Federal, they will be sadly forgetful of the teachings and wrongs of their mothers.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, August 30, 1862, p. 1, c. 1

Keep It Before the People.—That General Holmes desires all the cloth suitable for Clothing for soldiers; all the socks, blankets and bed clothes; and all of the hats, shoes and boots which can possibly be made. The highest prices will be paid. Let everything the army needs be furnished.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, August 30, 1862, p. 1, c. 5

To the People of the Trans-Mississippi Department, Composed of the States of Missouri, Arkansas, Louisiana, and Texas.—At no period since the commencement of the contest in which we are now engaged, has there existed a more pressing necessity for active and zealous co-operation on the part of the people of these States with the military authorities, than at the present moment. The partial occupation of the Missouri River Line by our enemies has so far impeded communication with the other States of the Confederacy, as to compel those charged with the duty of providing for the wants of our army, to seek for and develop new sources of supply. Our army is in urgent need of blankets and clothing of every description, to enable them to withstand the rigor of the approaching winter, as well as to successfully oppose the invaders of our soil, and they can be furnished with but little from the other side of the Mississippi, or by the few manufactories now established in these States.

In this emergency, Maj.-Gen. T. H. Holmes, commanding on this Department, relying confidently on the patriotism of the people, directs me to make an appeal to them for that assistance which all can afford to give without much individual inconvenience, and which, if promptly furnished, will greatly promote the success of our army. Every family throughout this Department, possessed of a spinning wheel and a loom, is requested to manufacture as large a quantity of cloth (both woolen and cotton) as the raw material at its command will permit. Those

who have no facilities for spinning or weaving, may assist in the good work by making up shirts, drawers, pantaloons, coats and overcoats, and by knitting stockings, making hats or caps, and shoes; while those who have looms adapted to the purpose, can furnish blankets or some other article answering the same purpose.

The clerk of each county in the States named is requested, either to take charge of, or appoint some suitable person to receive and forward all goods manufactured for army purposes, in the county in which he resides, to the nearest Post Quartermaster of the Confederate States Army, who will be furnished with funds to pay for the same on delivery, with cost of transportation added. For his services, the agent who may attend to the collection and forwarding of these goods, will be allowed a reasonable compensation by the Post quartermaster to whom he delivers them. No limit will be placed on the prices of the articles thus furnished—the General commanding having confidence that a patriotic people will not extort upon their government in its hour of need. The Post Quartermasters who receive supplies in the way indicated, are requested to forward them to these headquarters, without delay, and, as far as possible, to keep this office advised of the amount of clothing being made in their vicinity for the army.

Merchants in these States who have for sale clothing suitable for army purposes, are requested to furnish immediately, to the nearest Post Quartermaster, a memorandum invoice of the articles, with prices annexed, to assist him in making purchases for the Quartermaster's Department. Authorized purchasing agents are also abroad in various localities, and it is expected that the people will aid them in their efforts to procure supplies, by advising them as to the places where stored.

The Major General commanding does not deem it necessary to do more than inform the people of this Department regarding the necessities of the troops under his command, and suggest a plan by which they can be promptly and comfortably clad. He feels assured that this appeal will suffice to put in operation every spinning wheel and loom throughout the limits of the Department, and that neighbor will vie with neighbor, and community with community, in praiseworthy efforts to furnish clothing for the army.

Jno. D. Adams,  
Capt. and acting Chief Quartermaster,  
Trans-Mississippi District.

Papers throughout the country will please copy, and call public attention to this appeal.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, August 30, 1862, p. 1, c. 6

From the Memphis Union Appeal.

Late from Helena.—Return of General Hovey's Expedition.

Helena, August 18.

Friend Sawyer: Gen. Hovey's command (about 5000) returned from Clarendon this morning—having lost two men after their arrival there, and one killed and two wounded on the second day; third day, one killed and two wounded, and also two killed by bushwackers, returning; and two died of congestive chills. Captured a large amount of property, including twelve dozen good blankets and fifteen suits United States clothing, at a house about twenty-five miles from Helena. Burned Dr. Washington's residence, seven and one-half miles below Clarendon, where one of our men was killed and one wounded on Thursday last. While Lieut. Downey was watering his horse, some of the boys entered a house near by, where a woman was holding a fine pony at the door. She took occasion to insult an officer, and was treated with Gen.

Butler's recommendation. The army brought back the contraband spy, who was the cause of the expedition, and proved himself an efficient one by misleading the forces six miles from the road to a clearing, to find a camp of rebels. The wagon train being sent forward after shelling the woods and finding no enemy the march was resumed. Fifteen conscripts, who came into the camp state, that the negro intended to have the train captured, and the darkey has since confessed. The conscripts have joined the 1<sup>st</sup> Arkansas volunteers, U. S. A. Quite a number of refugees accompany the army to this place.

Excuse the haste of this brief note, and make what use of it you wish.

The march has been, as Col. Fitch expresses it, "up the hill and down again."

"Mac."

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, August 30, 1862, p. 2, c. 5

#### Musicians Wanted.

Twelve players are wanted immediately in Col. Sweet's Regiment. Having the best of instruments, liberal wages will be paid to those who are good Musicians. The Leader will receive \$50 per month in addition to the allowance established by Army Regulations. Those who wish a place in this Band will come to the encampment at once, near Austin, Prairie county, Arkansas.

August 30, 1862.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, August 30, 1862, p. 2, c. 5

H. C. Ward,  
Manufacturer of  
Bass and Tenor Drums,  
Rockport, Ark.

Continues to manufacture and will be ready at all times to fill all orders for the various sizes of Drums in general use.

For the sale of his manufactures, he has made an Agency at the Book and Stationery establishment of Capt. Jno. E. Reardon, where an assortment of his Drums can always be found. He invites purchasers to give him a call, and make an examination of his work, confident that it will give satisfaction.

November 30, 1861.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, September 6, 1862, p. 1, c. 4

During our short visit to the country we found it a hive of industry. Cards, wheels, looms and knitting-needles were performing nearly perpetual motion in every house. There are several incentives to this spirit of home labor—necessity for home clothing—clothing for relatives and friends in the army—and clothing for soldiers in the army who have neither friends nor relatives at home. Ample prices will be paid for all things made for the army. Besides this, it would be well for premiums to be offered to such of our ladies as make the most cloth, spin the most yarn, or knit the greatest number of socks. If we use the advantages of this war rightly, and profit by the lessons it teaches us, it will be worth more to us in teaching us to be truly independent than

can be estimated; and its advantages in a pecuniary point of view will be found greater than if we had been paid in advance the whole money cost of the war.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, September 6, 1862, p. 2, c. 4

Attention, Soldiers!—Fill your pockets with dried slippery elm bark when about to take up the line of march for the battle field, or for a new encampment. You will find that chewing it freely will greatly allay both thirst and hunger. The slippery elm grows in abundance in Virginia, North and South Carolina, and in Georgia. Our Surgeons call for it as a substitute for Gum Arabic. It is to be hoped our patriotic and philanthropic friends in the country will procure an abundant supply for our army.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, September 13, 1862, p. 1, c. 3

Musicians for Col. Sweet's Regiment.—At the first insertion of the advertisement we inadvertently omitted to call attention to the fact that Col. Sweet's regiment had a very fine set of instruments, and that a good set of musicians could get a good situation by applying for it. We hope that gentlemen of the musical profession may take a note of the fact. See advertisement.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, September 13, 1862, p. 2, c. 1-3

For the State Gazette.

A Tale of the Revolution.  
An Ower [sic?] True Tale.

On a beautiful evening in October, 1861, I was leisurely walking along the streets of Fredericksburg, Va.—the "Old Burgh," as it is familiarly and affectionately termed on account of its antiquity as a town, the quaint and peculiar structure of many of its edifices, and the fidelity with which "ye ancienne hospitalitie" of the State is kept up and dispensed. The sun was just going down and the level beams were stealing and creeping quietly off the ground, the old worn pavements, the green swarded yards, and mounting up upon the house-tops, and up the heavy bodied trees until their summits glowed in the quiet autumnal evening. The streets showed considerable bustle and activity—burghers and citizens (the day's labor over) hurried to their respective residences "up town," each with a bundle under his arm. Soldiers stood in groups at the corners and chatted gayly [sic] and bowed and looked after the pretty girls that passed. Young officers dashed along the streets on the "best bloods," gaily bedight with gold lace and gaiters—and the "small boys" of every hue were making the place vocal with the metrical announcement—

"Then let the wide world wag as it will,  
I'll be gay and happy still.  
Gay and happy, gay and happy,  
I'll be gay and happy still."

There were in fact the usual noise and bustle which attend the close of a bright day in October, in a city of some size.

Wishing to escape from the din and crowd I turned from Main street to the left into a broad well-paved street that seemed unusually still and quiet; as I walked carelessly on looking to either side, "takin' notes." The street or *avenue* became more and more interesting. The pavements were broad and were laid with a granite or stone, resembling marble, in mosaic—on

either side were handsome, massive edifices, embowered in a grove of huge old trees, whose foliage though thinned by the blasts of autumn, and dyed of many colors, still cast a sweet, seductive gloom, a pensive loveliness over the whole locality,—the broad spacious yards were carpeted with the dewy green sward and enclosed with iron railings curiously wrought which extended along the pavements.

I had passed along that street several times before; in fact it was a favorite resort. It seemed to have a singular fascination. And I never passed a heavy brick mansion there without turning my eyes instinctively to one of its broad windows, where invariably appeared the most lovely and supernatural being I ever saw. It was not vanity, it was not idle curiosity, it was no little, petty personal feeling that led me there; but somehow I was interested—interested even against my efforts and inclinations—and my footsteps sought that way.

There she sat as usual. Oh! how beautiful, I might say seraphic. She was dressed in mourning and in the dark braids of her hair a solitary rose gleamed, the sweet pale offspring of autumn, white as a snow-flake yet not whiter than that exquisitely beautiful, translucent, alabaster face and neck. I had read Aldrich's beautiful little poem "Maud"—this fairy-like creature might have sat for the original—there she sat so serene, so pale, so perfectly lovely, "like Aeron carved in stone," I mentally said. A large, flowering bush was near the gate, its verdant arms stretched even over the railing and its beautiful leaves and buds hung down in rich festoons. Taking the privilege of my profession (the free and easy style of a "bowld solger boy,") I paused *ostensibly* to examine the shrub and pull a flower, but *really* to get a better view of the beautiful mysterious being in the window. I was pulling at the bush and repeating half aloud those exquisite and appropriate lines of Wadsworth—

"Loveliest in her own retired abode  
than Naiad by the side  
Of Grecian brook—or Lady of the Mere  
Lone sitting by the shores of old romance,"

When my attention was arrested by a light footstep on the green sward and looking up I beheld a pretty young lady acquaintance whom I had met several times before at her uncle's house in another part of the town. She was a very sweet, amiable girl, and as merry and light-hearted as a fawn. She gave me her hand with a smile, and insisted on my coming in, and taking tea with the family. I apologized, but she would accept no apology and said moreover her mother and sister would be displeased if I went away (her mother was a widow lady). I excused myself again, and was about turning away to return to my hotel—"The Shakspeare [sic]," when she remarked that I would incur the penalty of *her* high displeasure, also, if I did not come in, and looking around with a half smile as I started to move away, I saw she had contracted her pretty lips, and had managed to throw into her expressive eyes a look of real displeasure. I relented, turned back, asked her the emblem of the flower I held in my hand; "Reconciliation," she said with a furtive smile; I handed it to her and walked with her into the house.

Reader, if you have never been in the "Old Burgh," no description, or power of words at my command, can adequately portray the abundant, well-timed, and well meant hospitality of that venerable city—the massive character of many of its public and private buildings—the air of elegance and *ton*, properly controlled and indulged, that pervades the interior of each mansion—the home-like feeling that comes over one under those old, aristocratic roofs, or lastly the ease and grace that characterize the inmates—which last, however, are found in every household in Virginia.

At the door Mrs. H\_\_\_\_\_, met me and gave me a very cordial welcome. She was a

remarkably fine looking lady, tall and graceful and with great dignity in her manner and expression; there was a settled, subdued melancholy about her that was easily accounted for,—she was the widow of the gallant and lamented Capt. Lewis H\_\_\_\_\_, (U.S.N.) who went down at sea in the ill-fated Central America, and for whom she has ever since appeared in deep mourning,—his last messages and remembrances being to his wife, this stately high-born dame. She was the sister also of Lieutenant M\_\_\_\_\_, formerly of the Observatory at Washington city, a man of world wide celebrity. Thus connected she could not be else than dignified and accomplished. I was conducted into the Parlor. I had hardly got familiarized to the dim light which pervaded the elegantly furnished room, when Miss H\_\_\_\_\_, my piquant young friend, presenting me, said in her sweet tone of voice—"My sister Maud." I looked up and beheld before me the lovely, ethereal being that I had more than once seen sitting at the window—statuesque, beautiful. On a nearer view her loveliness was enhanced. There was a look of purity, of spotless innocence that might have become a creature of the spheres. Her voice was very low and sweet, when she spoke, and its tones rippled through the air like the faint murmurings of an Aeolian harp. And then the smile that rested ever on her face, and played expressively about her mouth, seemed a mild radiance that descending through the portals of the skies had made its home there.

I never shall forget that evening—it is certainly a "green spot in memory's waste." I soon felt perfectly at home and conversed and laughed abundantly. It was impossible, however, without positive rudeness, to indulge any exuberance of mirth in the presence of such a *spirituelle* creature. The conversation during the evening rambled over a variety of subjects and a great extent of country—from the green lanes of English literature down to the stormy, tempestuous paths that we are in now. She was remarkably entertaining. Only once did I discern any color in her cheek, and then the roseate tint came and went, like a snow-flake in the river. It was when speaking of the battle of Manassas. I was describing the battle, or what I saw of it, and feeling deeply myself on the subject that I discussed, I used more animation and was more graphic than I thought I could be. She listened with an attention perfectly absorbed. Her intense and concentrated attention somewhat confused and embarrassed me and I concluded the account I was giving with a few trite and indifferent allusions. I was more perplexed about this mysterious and lovely being than ever. I compared her mentally to a hundred beautiful creations that I had met with in poetry and romance, and ever and anon some line of Aldrich would unexpectedly rise from that beautiful gem "Maud;" I several times caught myself repeating *sotto voce*, the concluding stanza with the words

"Call her not cold, God knows,  
Underneath the winter snows," &c.

The evening passed away like a dream—"like golden hours on angel's wings." It was late when I arose to leave, and the gibbous moon had showered her silvery glories over all the world, lighting up the tall spires of the neighboring churches with a brilliant glow. Before I left she went to the piano and played several tunes—I did not deign to offer any praise—words would have suited illly there—there was a deep solemn hush, that I was afraid to interrupt by sound of any kind—a pause, sacred and inviolable, as the notes died away—an instant intervened—her hand is again on the keys—a prelude follows oh! so sweet and plaintive—then her voice accompanies the instrument. She sings

"Ever of thee I am fondly dreaming,"

And there is a pathos in her words that seemed strong enough to touch "the dull, cold ear of death." I listened perfectly chained and entranced, the whole room seemed filled with the

plaintive, dulcet music, and when she reached the line

"True as the stars has my love been to thee,"

I noticed that her beautiful eyes were upturned as if addressing some one in heaven, and a soft holy mist gathered over them, whilst the instrument trembled and sobbed most piteously to the plaintive, touching voice. The song ended and she made a motion to quit her seat. I made my *adieux* and went out into the quiet moonlight and the sleeping city.

It was a night of surpassing loveliness, and the old Rappahannock was singing a sweet monotone, a gentle lullaby to the sleeping children of the "old burgh." My mind however was too much engaged and pre-occupied to permit me to pay any attention to the beauties of the night. I hastened on with a quick step until I found myself at the door of that good old hostelrie—"The Shakspeare [sic]." I called for lights and immediately sought my bed. I went to bed with the mystery of my beautiful acquaintance unexplained. I determined to get an explanation on the morrow.

Queen Mab was busy with me that night—for in the few hours yet remaining till day she led me throughout fairy land and made me acquainted with all of its tricky occupants from their highnesses, the royal couple, Oberon and Titania, down to all the tiny sprites and elves [sic] that dance "by moonlight on the green."

It was late next morning before I awoke, and the sharp air and the few red, spear-like rays of the sun, that stealing through the closed shutters, had entered the room and lay shivering on the carpet, impressed one with a feeling quite Octoberish. A few mouthfuls, however, of the excellent "apple-toddy" which "mine host" had been so kind as to send up in a large tankard, soon served to open my eyes well and dispel the chilly sensations produced by the nimble, frosty atmosphere of the room.

Taking a hasty breakfast, I hurried out to have the mystery explained of my strange but fascinating acquaintance of the evening before. I went directly to my young friend P\_\_\_\_, who was also, as I well knew, a relative and confidential friend of Mrs. H\_\_\_\_'s family. I found him in the large Bank building where he was employed, and on telling him frankly why I had sought him, he soon communicated what I wished to know—there was an end, at once, to suspense and curiosity—the riddle was solved—the mystery was removed—the beauty and pallor, that had interested me so deeply, placed now in their true light, compelled a sacred homage, and enlisted the tenderest sympathy. The story is soon told. It is the old, old story that has run through the hearts and histories of men since time began.

The beautiful being who had so strongly impressed my imagination, had some time before "fallen in love," to use a plain but expressive phrase, and had plighted her troth to a young gentleman of the place, whom she had long known and loved. "He was," as my friend said, "worthy too, if any one could be, to wed so pure a being."

"He had come of gentle blood," he said, "being a scion of one of Virginia's most illustrious families, and had given promise of being no mean descendant of such a line of ancestry."

"When this war broke out," my friend continued, "he entered the lists at once, and fell whilst gallantly leading his company on the memorable field of Manassas. The news that first flashed along the wires thrilled us with joy for a battle heroically fought and won—more slowly, but yet surely, trooped on behind the sable messengers who carried the missives of sorrow and mourning to anxious homes and trembling hearts. One of these missives, with its sable border and emblems of woe, was handed in at the door of Mrs. H\_\_\_\_'s residence—the door closed upon the busy city, and 'twas long before it was thrown open to receive the sunlight and the

breeze. It contained the news of the death of him. It pierced a bleeding, broken heart.

"From that time," said my friend, in conclusion, "she has, to use a beautiful Scottish phrase, been gradually "devining away."

"And who," I inquired with some interest, "was the young hero."

"Young Pendleton," he said, "Jack Pendleton, editor of that time honored, piquant and popular old journal, "*The Fredericksburg News*."

"Jack Pendleton," I said, half musingly. I knew him well. I served three terms with him at the same College, and a better looking and more promising young man never left our old *Alma Mater*. I recollect well the last time I saw him—it was "commencement day" in June of 185-. We both graduated that session. I remember well his Valedictory Address. How handsome he looked, as he straightened his tall, lithe form on the stage in the animation of delivery, how expressive was his usually quiet and handsome face, how his beautiful, dreamy, nebulous eyes, that were formed "to melt in love and kindle in war," beamed, how soft musical and low, yet how distinct was his voice, as its murmuring, persuasive swells broke gently around sad and sorrowful hearts, like the sorrowing sea tides upon a shelly shore.

We parted at the great open door way to the spacious, antique old Chapel, to meet no more. Our paths thence were divergent.

My friend's story explained it all—I could then understand many things that had before perplexed me. I could then understand the evanescent color that tinged her marble cheeks at the mention I made of Manassas—I could then understand the reason of those uplifted eyes, as she sung, and the tender passionate, broken hearted appeal they contained—I could then understand—everything.

I left my young friend to prosecute his labors and sauntered out into the streets of the old city—somehow felt sad and lonely, and averse to mingling with the crowd, and turning down a quiet street that lead away from the active, business part of the town, I left the town behind me and going through the country, over the breezy hills and through the quiet, hazel valleys that glowed with autumnal glory—I sought the camp for relief, amidst its busy scenes the impressions produced by the above story were dissipated for the time being.

Several months elapsed. Time in his ceaseless course produced the usual changes. It was about the middle of February, just four months after the memorable night spoken of above, that I found myself in Fredericksburg for the last time. It was early on a beautiful Sabbath morning of winter, that I stepped off the train of cars to the platform of the Depot, having coming down from Aquia Creek in an hour's delightful run, having got on the train there at sunrise. I went immediately to my favorite inn, "The Shakspeare," and having partaken of "mine landlord's" tankard of "apple-toddy," an excellent meal of fish and oysters, hot rolls and coffee, such a meal in fact, as mine host of "The Shakspeare" never failed to present to his guests.

Having completed my breakfast, I went to my room to make my toilette for Church. And as it was my last visit to the "old Burgh" (for I was then *en route* west,) I had a desire to leave the best impression I could. So I arranged my dress with more than ordinary pains, and took more than one look in the large glass on the mantel to see that all was *comme il faut*. My toilette completed, I threw my military overcoat over me (for the weather was quite cold and winterish) and went out to Church.

The quiet streets were filled with the citizens of both sexes, slowly wending their way to different places of worship. I walked leisurely along, meeting many, passing some, bowing to such as I knew, until I arrived at the gate that opened into the beautiful enclosure of the Presbyterian Church. I went in under the graveled, venerable old trees, and traversing the pebbly

walk ascended the broad granite steps that lead up to the portico, and the heavy handsome doors of the costly Gothic structure. The gentlemanly old Sexton received me very politely at the door, and indicated where I would find a seat. I walked down the heavily carpeted aisle until near the pulpit, where I found a seat in the commodious pew of Judge L\_\_\_\_\_, who kindly made room for me with his family. On first taking my seat I noticed that this was an occasion of unusual solemnity. The pulpit and altar were trimmed with crape, as was also the huge Bible used in the service, whilst the dark streamers hung down also from the massy, oaken pillars, and the large chandeliers. Upon the faces near me, too, I discovered an expression of painful gravity, upon many of poignant grief.

The inmates, too, of one pew I observed were very deeply moved and agitated. I looked more closely and found it to be the pew of Mrs. H\_\_\_\_\_ and family—another glance at it revealed the fact that the family was not all there, that the beautiful circle was broken and one of its links was missing. The truth flashed upon me. It is so, then, I exclaimed mentally. She has faded away. The silver cord is loosened, and the golden bowl broken at the cistern. These emblems of mourning, these expressions of sincere grief are mute tributes of sorrow in memory of my beautiful and *spirituelle* acquaintance of last autumn, and I could not help repeating that beautiful stanza

"Call her not cold—God knows  
Underneath the winter snows  
The invisible flowers grow ripe for blossoming  
And the hearts that seem so cold  
*If their stories could be told*  
Would seem cast in gentler mould  
Would seem full of love and spring."

There was a deep and solemn hush interrupted only by the broken sobs from the family pew. The stillness was awfully oppressive. In its midst the deep toned organ in the gallery pealed forth its plaintive music—its notes at first soft and low, gradually increased in volume and rolled their burden of plaintive sorrow along the arches of the lofty, dimly lighted old Gothic Church. Its plaintive swells died away for a time, and were then accompanied by the tender, sorrowful voice of the excellent choir. I turned my eyes towards the gallery, there were a circle of young ladies around the Organ, all dressed in deep mourning (*her* sweet friends and school mates,) all standing and accompanying the instrument as it sobbed forth its plaintive *miserere*.

The voices ceased—the hymn was ended,—the last note of the Organ crept faintly along the grained, vaulted roof, and expired amidst its recesses.

There was another solemn pause. Every heart was sobered and subdued, and every eye turned to the pulpit. The preacher at length arose. The sweet benignity of his face seemed to have been touched by the Angel of sorrow. It was the Rev. Horace L\_\_\_\_\_. A name now and for years past in the State of Virginia, synonymous with pulpit eloquence, on this occasion, if possible, it received new lustre [sic] and embellishment—for that sermon, I reckon, was never surpassed. I will not be so weak as to attempt any description of it. There was not a dry eye in that large and staid assemblage.

Such a preacher upon such an occasion could not have been otherwise than what he was. His melting words reached every heart, his beautiful imaging took captive every imagination, his final words of love and hope and gentle mercy, soothed the sobbing, troubled congregation and directed their acting, worn and weary souls to the "sweet fields arrayed in living green," and the pure stream, Siloa's brook, that flows "fast by the Oracles of God." He sat down, and the deep

tones of the Organ again rolled along the vaulted roof. It was a beautiful anthem of praise and hallelujahs this time. It was Handel's grand piece "My Redeemer liveth." So much interested and absorbed, I did not observe that the services were closed until the congregation was rapidly dispersing. There were only a few left in the pews and aisles. I took up my hat and pulling it over my eyes, walked down the silent aisle, through the large portico, and by the massy pillars in front and passed out from under the shade of the solemn splendid structure. I sought my room and did not leave it again until the lengthening shadows indicated that evening was far advanced. I went out again to take a last look at the "old Burgh," for I was going to take the "night train" for Richmond.

It was a beautiful, mild winter evening. The shadows lay long and dark upon the streets and houses. I turned my eyes to the west, (the far, beautiful, illimitable west, for which my heart yearned, and towards which I was then journeying) it was lit up with a splendor that I had never noticed in a wintry sky—it glowed like a rippling sea of molten gold and silver, over which fleecy or scarlet flecks of gossamer clouds were drifting, like fairy argosies. I sighed involuntarily, and the evening breeze caught the sound and bore it toward the far, wide west. I stepped out under the sky and sought the city cemetery. This was a beautiful place in a quiet, sequestered part of the town—it was surrounded by a large wall which contained four large ponderous gates—one at each point of the compass. It was regularly laid off within, the walks being gravelled [sic], and the plats covered with a rich carpet of greenwood and adorned with many a fragrant shrub and flower. The Babylonian or Weeping Willow was scattered too over the entire place, its long, lugubrious, drooping boughs sweeping the ground even. Each family had its own special spot of sepulture, which was arranged and decorated according to the taste or means of the living. Some were simply surrounded by a plain white paling and improved and attended within by the assiduous hand of affection. Others were enclosed with costly, elaborate railing and the interior embellished with every thing that wealth could purchase. The general effect was pleasing in the highest degree. In the language of poor Shelby, "it was a place to make one *in love with death*." In one of the most lovely and retired nooks of this silent, secluded burial place, I found the family burial ground of the H\_\_\_\_\_ family—I leaned my arm on the railing and looked—a new grave was there, from which a few early flowers, planted by affection's hand, were springing. The meek, modest little violet—"that darling of the April rain"—was gently unfolding its tiny petals, and the fresh grass was creeping over the newly made mound. The marble shaft which stood at the head of the grave, was of a beautiful and costly quality. The symbol or carving was touchingly beautiful and suggestive. It represented an Angel clothed resplendently and crowned with a halo of light, standing beside a sepulchral urn, towards which, it pointed down with one hand, whilst the other was raised and pointing upwards. There was only one word carved upon the shaft, and that was the short sweet name, "MAUD."

How long I remained leaning there I don't know, when I looked up all of the visitors (of which there were many when I entered) had left and evening had deeped into twilight. I turned away to seek and take a last glance at the spot allotted to the soldiers. Death had been busy in the army, and the fresh mounds stretched away as far as the eye could see. There they lay, brave young hearts from every State, taking their last rest. I walked on until I came to that portion where lay our Arkansas boys. It was soon found. Upon many an oaken slab was written, "ARK." I paused by the graves of young Armstrong, Maberry, Winder, Dawson, Marchman, French and others, how still was the spot, ah! how still were the brave spirits lately so full of life and hope. With the winter evening's holiest and latest sighs I mingled mine, and turning left the "cemetery," passing out at the only gate that was still left open. I apologized to the porter for

detaining him so late, and giving him a quarter by way of remuneration, I went towards the town. In a short time, I was whirring and whizzing along, under the bright moon and myriad scintillating stars, through the broad, beautiful, champaigne country, in the night train for Richmond.

Washington, Ark., Aug. 15<sup>th</sup>, 1862.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, September 20, 1862, p. 1, c. 4  
Salt Works, Dallas county, Ark., }  
September 8, 1862. }

Capt. C. C. Danley, Editor Gazette—

Sir: so many letters are received by us, and so many enquiries made in regard to our Salt Works, and the prospect of procuring Salt at our works, and it being impracticable for us to reply to all, you will give satisfaction to the public by giving this statement to your readers in the columns of your paper. We have completed our new furnace, and we have in good order pans and kettles 140 feet in extent. We only await the completion of our pumps to put the whole in operation, which will be done in less than a week. The demand for Salt is so great and universal, that for some time to come it will be impossible to furnish large quantities to any one person, so that persons sending their wagons from a distance, they only expect a fair and reasonable division of the Salt made.

Other works are about beginning to manufacture Salt near us, and the government works will in all probability amply supply our army. Under all the circumstances we hope by industry and perseverance to furnish Salt enough to keep South Arkansas from suffering for the article. But no man must expect for some time to come, to be able to procure *all* the Salt he may want to do him the year round.

Yours respectfully,  
Taylor, Thomas & Harley.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, September 20, 1862, p. 2, c. 4

Socks for the Soldiers.—Our contemporary of the Hinds County Gazette calls the attention of the ladies of the Confederate States to the wants of the soldiers in the article of socks. Says he:

The season is not far distant when our soldiers in the field will require good, thick, wool socks. Each man will require two pairs, at least, and there being possibly 700,000 men in service, 1,400,000 pairs will be necessary. Are our people prepared to furnish their just proportion? We hear of considerable wool in the country, but it is neither carded nor spun. Cannot the State make some arrangement whereby the wool in the hands of our people can be converted into yarn, that it may be fabricated into socks for the soldiers? The knitting needles of our indefatigable Southern women should now be at work.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, September 27, 1862, p. 1, c. 3

Make the Soldier Comfortable.—Major Gen. Holmes has made known to our people generally, and to the ladies particularly, the fact that, if a supply is not gotten up at home, many of our soldiers will lack blankets to make them comfortable and preserve their health, during the approaching winter. The ladies here responded promptly and patriotically, many of them giving the last carpet they have to be made into substitutes for blankets for the purpose.

We feel confident that the call will be cheerfully and fully responded to by the ladies west

of the Mississippi, to whom it is addressed.

All contributions of blankets, or substitutes for blankets, or clothes, will be forwarded to Maj. Jno. B. Burton, Chief of the Clothing Bureau, Trans-Mississippi Department.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, September 27, 1862, p. 1, c. 5

Van Buren Nursery.  
200,000 Trees and Plants for Sale.

The undersigned, Proprietor of the Van Buren Nursery, would call attention to his extensive stock of Fruit Trees, all of which have been grafted or budded from thoroughly tested varieties of the Southern Confederate States, consisting of Apples—Summer, fall and Winter varieties. Peaches—Early, Middle, late Summer and Fall varieties. Pears—Dwarf and Standard, thirty varieties Summer, Fall and Winter. Also Cherries, Plums, Apricots, Nectarines, Almonds, &c., together with a fine assorted variety of small fruits, consisting of Strawberries, Raspberries, Gooseberries, Lawton Blackberries and Rooted Grape Vines, all of which are for sale cheap for cash. Orders from a distance promptly attended to and sent in good order. For want of paper I cannot get out a catalogue this fall. Those wishing bills filled, had best name the number of each kind of trees wanted, and I pledge myself to select for them such varieties as I should for myself were I planting them. Season for planting from December to March.

Richard Thruston, Proprietor.

September 18, 1862.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, October 4, 1862, p. 1, c. 2

Bread for the Army.—We have seen the Army Bakery here in operation, and the bread is of a superior quality. It was established, and has been carried on, under the direction of Dr. Taylor, who has voluntarily given his attention to this matter, besides attending to his duties as Post Surgeon. Nothing can [fold in paper] in the army so effectually as the preparation of good bread for the soldiers, for the greatest amount of disease among them is produced by eating bread which is not well prepared and cooked.

In connection with the subject of bread for the army, we would suggest that the health of the soldiers might be greatly preserved, and the lives of many of them saved, by the preparation of portable bake-ovens (portable like forges) for the army. Besides preserving the health of the army, there would be a saving to the government of a quarter of a pound of flour a day for every soldier.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, October 4, 1862, p. 1, c. 1

Change of Terms.—Owing to the price of paper, *and every thing else*, the subscription price of the *Gazette* will, in future, be \$3 a year, or \$2 for six months—payable in advance.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, October 4, 1862, p. 1, c. 5

For the State Gazette.

Thanksgiving by Texians.—

Mr. Editor: On the night of the 18<sup>th</sup> inst., (the day set apart by President Davis as a day of thanksgiving and praise for our late victories,) I witnessed one of those incidents connected with this war, which deserves a brief notice. The staff, train, and the McCulloch Guards, Capt. W. M.

Bogges, had just arrived from Texas, and encamped for the night at Camp Texas five miles south of Little Rock. Having only that day learned of the President's recommendation, they determined to observe it so far as in their power.

Torchlights were made; lighting up the beautiful forest around, and the whole party, Staff Officers, the body guard, teamsters and servants assembled for worship. The Rev. Mr. Horton, a young minister and private soldier in the McCulloch Guards, let in the exercises by singing, (in which all united,) reading appropriate passages from the Bible, prayer and an excellent, well-conceived address, to which earnest attention was paid by all present.

In response to calls, Maj. John Henry Brown, Adjutant General of Gen. McCulloch, followed Mr. Horton in an impromptu address, marked by earnestness and exhibiting the great stake for which the Confederate States are contending—principles above and beyond, and infinitely more important than the political questions (momentous as he regarded these) involved—pure morality, and an uncorrupted christianity. He showed by convincing facts, that for over thirty years, the Northern States had been traveling headlong the high road to political corruption and infidelity in religion—that we were not only fighting for civil and political liberty, but also for the religion of our fathers.

The whole scene was solemn and impressive.

Connected with this party are four ministers of the Gospel, two being surgeons, and two private soldiers, besides several church members. Some absent, however, on this occasion. In fact, Gen. McCulloch himself, has two surgeons, his Quartermaster and Commissary are all religious men. Thank God, (though not one myself) great members of the best officers and men in the Confederate army, are sincere christians.

Texian.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, October 4, 1862, p. 1, c. 6

Prepared Flour for Diarrhoea [sic].—Tie up a pint of flour very tightly in cloth and put into boiling water. When untied, the gluten of the flour will be found in a mass on the outside of the ball. Remove this and the inside will prove a dry powder, which is very astringent. Grate this and wet a portion of it in cold milk. Boil a pint of milk, and when it is at the boiling point stir in as much of the wet mixture as will thicken it to the quality of palatable porridge. Stir in a little salt, and let this be the sole article of diet until the disease has disappeared. Relieve it first by toasted bread, or very delicate mutton broth, which latter is also astringent. If the disease has not progressed to the degree inflammation, this diet will generally preclude the use of medicine.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, October 4, 1862, p. 2, c. 5

To Carpenters.

Office Chief Commissary,  
Trans-Mississippi Dep't, }  
Little Rock, Sept. 27, 1862. }

Sealed proposals will be received at this office, until Monday, the 6<sup>th</sup> day of October, A. D. 1862, for making TWO THOUSAND BOXES for packing Hard Bread.

The Boxes are to be two feet long, 1 foot 6 inches wide and 1 foot 5 ½ inches deep, in the clear, and to be made similar to a specimen which may be seen at the office of the Post Commissary.

I will furnish lumber and part of the nails, for which the contractor will pay cost prices.  
The boxes must be delivered at the rate of 5 per cent per day, of the contract, and bids will be received for five hundred boxes.

Bond with approved security will be required.

John C. Palmer, Maj.  
and Chief Commissary.

October 4, 1862.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, October 4, 1862, p. 2, c. 5

Wanted,

Immediately, ten experienced Cigar makers. Apply at  
Little Rock, Oct. 4, 1862.

B. Bernays.  
Cigar Store.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, October 4, 1862, p. 2, c. 5

If a lady can do nothing else for her country, let her pray to God and pick lint.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, October 4, 1862, p. 2, c. 1

The Evacuation of Huntsville, Alabama.—The Vandalism of the Yankees.—We learn from a gentleman just arrived from North Alabama, that the Federals evacuated Huntsville between the 1<sup>st</sup> and 4<sup>th</sup> of this month. General Buell and staff having gone a week or two previous, and General Rosecrans some days after, leaving Gen. Lytell in command. They left via Stevenson, but returned suddenly in a day or two, and left again permanently, having committed great depredations upon the citizens. They took from Madison county probably fifteen hundred negroes, many of whom went voluntarily, others of whom were forced away. They also took horses, and mules in large numbers, which were immediately branded with "U. S.," and taken without being paid for. The negroes were employed as teamsters and in other kinds of labor, for which their previous training fitted them. Some of them made their escape and returned; others were secured by their masters, who pursued them, but the number recovered was small. Most of those taken were negro men; but, in some instances, men, women and children were taken, leaving plantations entirely destitute. Some of the plantations were desolated and turned into barren wastes. In one instance, near Huntsville, not a panel of fencing was left around the entire place; in others, they were consumed for miles, and stock left to graze and destroy at pleasure. In many cases it will be almost an impossibility to gather the crops or to prepare for next year's planting.

The town of Huntsville was but little injured, but the suburbs and vicinity suffered greatly, and the machinery of the depot of the Memphis and Charleston rail road was broken up and destroyed; the depot buildings were not burned. Between Huntsville and Stevenson, the country is desolated and deserted, Jackson county having been left almost entirely without inhabitants or sign of animal life. The depot at Camden is destroyed. The town of Woodville is burned to the ground, and from that place to Bellefonte, scarcely a house is left standing. Blackened ruins is all that remain. The bridge over Paint Rock river (probably 200 feet long) was unfortunately burned by our own men after the Federals had passed the road the second time, and the depot at Larkinsville was, we fear, causelessly destroyed.

The Federals are said to have declared the independence of Jackson county, admitting

that they had sustained more loss and stouter resistance from that county than from any portion of the country elsewhere. Of the 4<sup>th</sup> Ohio cavalry numbering perhaps one thousand on their arrival, not more than three hundred remained. They were mainly bushwhacked. The citizens, with very few exceptions, were wild with rejoicing at their departure. Judge Geo. W. Lane left with his friends. Jere Clemens remains, but boarded Federal officers during their stay. Nick Davis considered true. There were some few who bought and sold cotton, one of whom (Rickman) former proprietor of the Madison hotel, was required to give a bond of \$40,000 for his appearance. The Federals, at the departure, left far fewer Union men than they found, and their bitterest foes are in Athens, Alabama, the last place in the State to acknowledge allegiance to the Southern Confederacy.

[Chattanooga Rebel, 14<sup>th</sup>.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, October 11, 1862, p. 2, c. 1

Clothing the Soldiers.—As far as we have been able to learn, the call of Gen. Holms on the people for clothing, blankets, and other things necessary to the comfort of the army, has been, and is being, well and promptly responded to by all.—especially by the women of the country.

The ladies of Little Rock, according to their habit from the commencement of the war, and with their well-known zeal, have been actively and efficiently engaged in preparing clothing, blankets, and such other things as they can procure, to enable our soldiers to stand the rigors of winter in a more northern clime. To that end carpets have been converted into blankets, and the cloths, manufactured on home looms, made into clothing. Ladies now entertain their company with their sewing and knitting work in hand, and all seem determined to do what can be done towards clothing our soldiers, and thus putting them in a condition to do their duty in the field during the coming fall and winter. The country is one vast hive of industry—wheels, looms, and knitting needles know no such thing as rest—many men, becoming their own tanners, have tanned leather enough to supply their own families and shoe many of the soldiers—domestic manufactories of hats have been doing good service for the country and the army—and the great mass of the intelligence and the labor of the country seems to be engaged in doing what can be done to make our army efficient by making it comfortable. We hope that, in places we have not visited nor heard from the people may be equally alive to the interest, and equally devoted to the cause, of the country.

The ladies of this place are systematising [sic] their labors. They meet once a week at the residence of Mrs. Wright, work until half past ten o'clock, and receive instructions and work for the next week. It is probable that, in a few days, there will be a hall fitted up, and kept open at all times, at which all who desire to do so can meet and work, or receive work to be done at home.

This war has taught our people lessons which they would not have learned in times of peace and prosperity. Drifting towards that effeminacy which comes of too much ease and too free an indulgence in the luxuries of life, our young people, both men and women, were forgetting, and becoming ashamed of, many things which our grandfathers of the revolution, and their children, looked upon as highly respectable and honorable, and without which the army and the country could not, successfully, have come through the revolution and the subsequent war with Great Britain in 1812-'15. Our young people were forgetting, and becoming ashamed of work!

How changed are things now! The boy who had been raised in luxurious laziness, and taught to do nothing and be proud of it, has become a hardy soldier, and laughs in the face of

dangers and labors, the very name of which would have sickened him two years ago. The young lady whose tender hands had never touched any thing hard except a musical instrument, who had been raised in blissful ignorance and hearty contempt of any thing like work, and who did not look with too much favor on any one who knew how to work, has become a very model of useful industry. Bolts of cloth are transformed by her labor into coats, shirts and pants for soldiers, and the work is done as cheerfully and as gracefully as if it had been her occupation and means of living from early childhood.

One of the earliest commands of God to man was—"*In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread.*" Since that time labor has been the necessary law of man, and its products indispensable to his existence. When ever this law has been violated, its penalties have been visited upon offenders in their utmost severity. When men and communities have despised and become ashamed of labor, and undertaken to live by speculation and their wits, they, sometimes, have been permitted to flourish for a while in seeming prosperity, but terrible punishment has speedily followed, and the country has been prostrated and devastated by storms of bankruptcy, carrying universal ruin and distress in their train.

It may be that the terrible ordeal, through which we are passing is a punishment for our sins, and that it will chasten and purify us and make us a better people. Whether this be so or not, there is no doubt that, in its lessons, teaching us to depend upon ourselves, whether in defending our country or producing and manufacturing all that is needed at home or in the army, it will be of incalculable value to us as a nation. In this contest it is manifest, and after it is over let it not be forgotten, that the law of labor is the law of God, and those who dignify labor and prove its respectability, do good service to God and their kind.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, October 11, 1862, p. 1, c. 3

Published orders have been issued from Richmond prohibiting the substitution of boys, under eighteen years of age, for Conscripts. This is as it should be. If we are to have a long war the boys are the hope and the dependence of the country, and the best care should be taken of them until they develop and grow into hardy manhood. We understand that President Davis said the sending of our boys to the army, was like sending seed corn to mill.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, October 11, 1862, p. 1, c. 4

Taking Charge of Salt Works, and Making a Tariff of Prices.—By his published orders, it will be seen that Maj. Gen. Holmes, in view of the necessities of the army, and to prevent suffering among the people, especially among the families of soldiers who are absent fighting the battles of the county, has taken charge of the Salt Works in Arkansas and the Indian country, which are not producing to their greatest capacity, for the purpose of making a supply of salt so much needed by the people, and that he has also fixed prices on some of the necessaries of life, so as to prevent extortion. These orders speak for themselves, and we invite attention to their contents. The order in regard to the Salt Works is as follows:

The present production of Salt in this Department is not sufficient for supplying the army and the people. The price demanded is extortionate, and great inconvenience has ensued, and much suffering will result from this cause. It is believed it can be remedied by carrying on the works on government account. Therefore all salt works within the State of Arkansas and the Indian Territory, which are not producing to their greatest capacity, will be taken possession of by an agent of the Confederate States, to be designated from these Headquarters, who will take steps at once to increase their production to the greatest extent possible. For this purpose he will

be authorized to obtain by hire or purchase, or, if necessary, by impressment, the requisite labor and material. The Quartermaster and Commissary Departments will afford him every aid and assistance possible.

The agent will set apart monthly for Army use, such proportion of Salt manufactured by him as may be required by the Chief Commissary of the Department, not to exceed one-half of the amount manufactured; the remainder he will sell to citizens at the price of one dollar and fifty cents (\$1 50) per bushel, or less, if the cost of manufacture is below that price, payable in Confederate money, or in corn, wheat, flour, pork, bacon, lard, and such other articles of subsistence as may be necessary, in due proportion of each, limiting the quantity of salt sold to each citizen to a reasonable supply for himself and family. The price to be paid, in Salt, for subsistence, will be regulated by the tariff. This applies when the articles are delivered at the place where produced, when delivered at government depots, the actual expense of transportation will be added.

It must be perfectly palpable to every one, that on the successful operation of this order will depend the ability of the people to provide provisions for another year. As soon as the emergency is passed, the order will be rescinded. A fair compensation will be allowed the owners of the works seized.

The order fixing a Tariff of Prices is as follows:--

The brave and devoted men who fill up the ranks of our armies and protect the rights of all, have left their wives and children, their mothers and sisters, in the care of their respective communities. They reasonably expect that the citizens who remain at home, and for whom they risk their lives, will, at least, keep their families from suffering. This reasonable expectation is not fully met. In many cases, the families of soldiers are in extreme destitution—many others are likely to become destitute, and a frightful state of want must soon prevail among them, unless extraordinary steps are taken for their relief. The government is bound to its soldiers, to avert such calamities if possible. The only measure that seems adequate, is to regulate the prices of the necessaries of life.

The prices are given elsewhere. The necessity of such orders as Gen. Holmes has issued is apparent to most men who know the facts and look at them in their patriotic light. The families of poor men who have gone to the army, and are battling for our rights, must be provided the means of living—they must not be permitted to starve or suffer among us. General Holmes knows their condition, and very properly feels it to be his duty to provide for them.

Here we wish to call attention to one fact: A soldier in our army gets *eleven dollars a month*. Notwithstanding the fact that the grain and potato crops are larger this year than ever before [fold in paper] dollar a bushel for corn and potatoes, or even a half that amount, fortunes may be made in raising them, potatoes were held in the market at the enormously extortionate price of *five dollars a bushel!* Thus a poor woman, whose husband is standing between the farmer and danger, and ready to defend his property with his life, would be compelled to give a month's wages of her husband—save one dollar—for two bushels of potatoes.

The fixing of the price of salt at a low figure, limiting the amount to be sold to each citizen to his actual necessities, and exchanging it for the products of the country, will be of the greatest benefit to the whole people.

We know that some refined theorists on our form of government will say that Gen. Holmes has transcended his authority in making this order. But if they are made of ordinary flesh and blood, have human hearts in their bosoms, and were put in the General's place, they would be very apt to do as he has done. We think the exigencies of the case required at least as

much as the General has done, and think that good would come of extending the tariff of prices to other articles, so as to embrace all things actually needed by the families of poor soldiers, whether in the hands of farmers, merchants, or others.

That there will be objections made to these orders is to be expected, that many of the objectors will be good and true men we are ready to admit, and that they will be prompted by patriotic motives we shall not deny. Some of our true and good men have induced the enemy to invade and lay waste the river counties to get the cotton which they refused to burn and prevent its capture. Some have planted full crops of cotton which will pay the enemy for coming and devastating the country again. Some have refused to let the government have their negroes to work on fortifications. If asked their reason for any of these acts, they say that their constitutional rights are being invaded by the government or its agents. Though their plea may be good, *in law*, it does not avail in defence [sic] of the country or preventing them from being robbed by the enemy. A single musket is now of more avail in the defence [sic] of the country, than a volume of declamation on constitutional law and vested rights; and a single bushel of meal would be of more advantage to the family of a poor soldier, than a library of such argument. Albeit there would, doubtless, be great consolation among those spinners of fine governmental theories, if, on learning that any of the families of poor soldiers were brought to want or distress, they could also learn that the suffering and privation was brought on in due and constitutional form, and that no relief had been afforded in violation of their theories of our government.

Disquisitions on constitutional law and governmental theories are very well in their way, whether made at the Capital of the State, on the plantations of the Mississippi, or at the Cross Timbers; but they will not weigh as a feather in the balance when it comes to repelling the invaders of the country, protecting the lives and property of our citizens, or to feeding the families of poor men who are fighting our battles and defending our rights. These are practical questions; Gen. Holmes has met them as a practical man; and we think the only way in which they could be properly met and dealt with. If any one has a better plan let him bring it forward; the country will be indebted to him, and his plan will be adopted.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, October 18, 1862, p. 1, c. 1

Distribution of Beef to the Needy.—Mr. Joseph Schader will, hereafter, distribute one hundred pounds of beef each day to those who need and are not able to purchase it. This is well and handsomely done. Can not some other of the butchers, in town, and planters and others who furnish the town market from the country, do as much according to their means?

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, October 18, 1862, p. 1, c. 3

Wood for the Destitute.—A subscription has been raised to purchase wood for the destitute during the coming winter. It will be distributed under the direction of the City Council. A committee will be appointed to ascertain the number and the wants of the needy. Persons who have not subscribed to this fund have the opportunity of doing so still.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, October 18, 1862, p. 1, c. 3

Stoves are Needed for the Hospitals.—Who Will Supply Them?—Notwithstanding the many demands which have been made upon the patriotism and generosity of the people of the Trans-Mississippi Department, I am compelled by my position and the necessities of the suffering soldiers under my charge, to make still another draft upon the resources of those who have never yet been found wanting in the dutiful response to the calls for aid, addressed to them

on behalf of their country or its brave defenders.

It is indispensably necessary for the comfort and speedy care of the soldiers now in the Hospitals at this post—that the buildings should be thoroughly warmed during the approaching winter season. No stove or pipe are procurable here, and some TWENTY-FIVE STOVES, with about six hundred feet of pipe are required, and must be furnished, or the soldiers now in the hospitals will, owing to the inadequate supply of bed clothing, suffer severely from the effects of cold, and possibly be hurried by it to their graves. Under these circumstances, I appeal to the people of the country who have more stoves and pipe than they need for actual service and comfort, to send them here to me, for use in the Hospitals, without respect to size of stove, or diameter of pipe. A reasonable price will be paid for them by the Post Quarter-master, upon my certificate of the correctness of the account.

C. M. Taylor, Post Surgeon.

Little Rock, Ark., Oct. 13<sup>th</sup>, 1862.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, October 18, 1862, p. 2, c. 3

To the Citizens of Jefferson Co.—I am authorized to receive and take to the regiment any and all such clothing as the friends of company C, (Captain Otey, formerly Captain McSwine's) may see proper to contribute. They will send them to Pine Bluff and deposit them at the house of Levi & Meyer, with the name of the soldier for whom they are intended, marked on each garment. Blankets, quilts or any substitutes are much needed. It is desired that the clothing be ready by the 22d of October.

C. T. Harris, Lt. Co. B.

Pine Bluff, Sept. 30, 1862.

It will be seen from the above that our soldiers are in need of clothing. The winter is coming on and the men who are fighting our battles for us should not be allowed to suffer for the clothing they need as long as there is any in the State or county. We fear that our people at home are not so strenuous in their efforts as at first. We fear that they depend too much now upon the efforts of the government to supply what is needful—forgetting that the government depends alone upon the people. Unless great exertions are made, and made *now*, our brave defenders will be upon the wet and frozen ground without covering, and be forced to defend our homes exposed to the bleak and piercing winds of winter—ragged and barefoot. Shall this be so? Shall we who are at home comfortably clad, sitting by warm fires, allow those who endure the fatigues and hardships of the camp to want, while we have anything to spare to add to their comfort? In the name of our soldiers—in the name of our struggling country, we appeal to the people to arouse themselves and use every exertion to supply every deficiency we can. As long as this war lasts—as long as our ports are blockaded and the markets of the world are closed, we must depend *exclusively* upon our selves for the necessaries for the army. Let us not be weary in well doing—let us not relax in our efforts, but with renewed spirit and firm purpose determine to do our duty and our whole duty, in this matter. Not only the company mentioned above need clothing, but many—very many more, are now in need. We owe a debt of gratitude to men who have left all the comforts of home for our welfare. Let us not forget that continued, unceasing effort on our parts is necessary. Soldiers wear out a great deal more clothing than men at home—they are compelled to do so. If liberty is worth having, it is worth any sacrifices a people can make to obtain it.

To the ladies we know that it is only necessary to make the need of the soldiers known to have them supplied if in their power to do so. Let all unite then in the determination never to

relax in our efforts to supply the wants of our brave soldiers as long as they have any wants which any exertions on our part can supply. When lying in our comfortable beds recollecting the soldiers at the moment lying upon the cold, wet ground without sufficient clothing to protect him—then get up and see if there is not something which you can spare, and rest not until you know that you have done all in your power to make his situation more comfortable.

[Pine Bluff True Southron.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, October 18, 1862, p. 2, c. 4

Wanted at the Hospital,

6 Good Milch Cows, for which a liberal price will be paid.

Little Rock, Oct. 18, 1862.

C. M. Taylor,  
Post Surgeon.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, October 18, 1862, p. 2, c. 4

Wanted!

30 Shoemakers, to whom good wages and permanent employment will be given.

Thos. H. Lee

Camden, Ark., Oct. 18, 1862.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, October 25, 1862, p. 1, c. 1

Contributions for the Soldiers—The Patriotism [of] the Ladies of Little Rock.—

Mr. Editor: But a short time ago, the ladies of Little Rock, of their own accord, held a meeting and determined upon measures to assist in furnishing our brave soldiers with blankets and other necessary articles of clothing. Since then, carpets, costly and rich, have been converted into blankets, and other equally useful articles of clothing have been made [hole in paper]. Willing, patriotic hearts have made [hole in paper] and fingers but little wont to use the coarse needle, now ply it with rapidity. This argues well for the success of our cause. A people thus working together, and willingly giving their property and their services to their country—their gentlewomen, like the matrons of Rome, giving, not mere trinkets of personal adornment, but house-hold property of real comfort and use in their families, all for the benefit and protection of the soldiers—can and must conquer.

Below I present a list of the articles lately given, through the Clothing Bureau, to the soldiers, and, without the knowledge or consent of the contributors, prefix their names:

[list]

These articles are forwarded to the brave troops now on our front lines facing the enemy, and are issued not as government clothing, but as "contributions from the ladies." The soldiers will thereby know unto whose kindness they are indebted for the protection thus afforded, and are reminded that they are not forgotten at home. The ladies who have thus parted with their carpets, are assured that their reward is a soldier's gratitude—a gratitude which none but a soldier can feel.

Will not the ladies of other towns and cities in this Military Department emulate the noble action of the ladies of Little Rock?

The thanks of the soldiers are also due to the Masonic Fraternity for the contribution of the carpet of their Lodge Room—making about 50 excellent blankets.

Respectfully, &c.

John B. Burton, Major  
and A. Q. M. Chief Clothing Bureau,  
Trans-Miss. Department.

Oct. 24, 1862.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, October 25, 1862, p. 2, c. 6

Attention All.

The Medical Purveyor's Department, Little Rock, Ark., is in need of the following herbs, &c., for the use of the army, for which the following prices will be paid on delivery to Dr. E. Silverberg, Medical Purveyor at Little Rock, or to Dr. C. O. Curtman, at the Chemical Laboratory, Arkadelphia, Ark. Persons residing in districts where they can be obtained, will please give their attention to collecting and saving them. The articles must be clean and well dried:

Poppy. ripe capsules	1 00	per lb.
Lettuce, garden, dried juice,	1 00	" "
Marsh rosemary, root,	30	" "
Virginia Snakeroot, root,	75	cts per lb.
Juniper, tops,	25	" "
Red Cedar, tops,	25	" "
Prickly Ash, bark,	50	" "
Robin's Rye or Hair Cap Moss,	30	" "
Seneca Snake Root,	60	" "
Puccoon, or Blood Root,	40	" "
Wild Cherry Bark,	30	" "
Indian Turnip,	10	" "
American Ipecac, root,	1 00	per lb.
Blooming Spurge, root,	50	cts. per lb.
Indian Physic, root.	25	" "
Indian Tobacco,	25	" "
Black Snake Root,	50	" "
Poke Root,	20	" "
Cranesbill,	20	" "
Blackberry Root,	15	" "
American Gentian,	15	" "
Dogwood Bark,	25	" "
Fever Root,	20	" "
American Hellebore Root,	20	" "
Peppermint,	20	" "
Skunk Cabbage, root,	20	" "
Jamestown Weed, seed and leaves,	20	" "
Hemlock Leaves,	20	" "

Wintergreen or Partridge Berry,	50	"	"
Horsemint,	20	"	"
Sassafras, bark of root,	20	"	"
Sassafras pith	5 00	"	"
Ginseng root,	50	"	"
Sarsaparilla root,	75	"	"
Lavender, leaves and stem,	20	"	"
Flax Seed,	2 50	per bush.	
White Oak Bark,	10	cts. per lb.	
Meadow Sweet,	25	"	"
American Columbo root,	50	"	"
Willow Bark,	20	"	"
Tulip Tree Bark or Wild Poplar,	10	"	"
Persimmon Bark, from Root,	20	"	"
Centauray Herb,	20	"	"
Boneset,	20	"	"
Butterfly Weed or Pleurisy root,	30	"	"
Dandelion Root,	30	"	"
Hops,	1 00	"	"
Wild Senna	50	"	"
May Apple or Mandrake,	75	"	"
Butternut, inner bark of root,	50	"	"
Henbane, leaves and seed,	75	"	"
Barberry leaves,	50	"	"
Fleabane,	25	"	"
Scotch Broom, tops of stems,	30	"	"
Pink Root,	50	"	"
Worm Seed,	25	"	"
Calamus,	25	"	"
Wild Ginger or Canada Snake Root,	25	"	"
Queen's Root,	50	"	"
Slippery Elm,	30	"	"
Red Pepper,	1 00	"	"
Anise Seed,	50	"	"
Spear Mint,	25	"	"
Bitter Sweet, or Woody Night Shade	50	"	"

Particular attention called to the following articles: Senega, Sanguinaria, Asclepias Tuberosa, Terpentaria, Geranium Maculatum, Conium, Hyoscyanns, Gentian, Columbo, Pinckneya Pubens, Eupatorium, Thunnlus, Lavanula, Castor Oil Beans, Mustard Seeds.

Howard Smith,  
Surgeon and Medical Purveyor,  
Trans-Mississippi District.

October 25, 1862.

Auction.

Will be sold, at the Auction Store, on MONDAY, the 10<sup>th</sup> instant, at nine o'clock A.M., on account of the Confederate States:

63 Pocket Folding Combs;  
2 Ladies' Tuck Combs;  
36 Short Horn     "  
65 Dress Rubber   "  
48 Ivory Fine     "  
42 Horn Fine     "  
1 Wool Plaid Neck Tie;  
5 Silk Neck Ties;  
57 Cotton Neck Ties;  
4 cotton Pocket Handkerchiefs;  
15 Silk Neck Handkerchiefs;  
21 pair white Cotton Gloves;  
6 pair Silk Gloves;  
7 doz. Stay Lacing;  
22 pieces Black Velvet Ribbon;  
3 pieces—40 yards fancy Dress Silk;  
2 Gents' Scarfs [sic];  
1 Shawl;  
2 pieces of Calico, 69 yards;  
8 pieces Delaine, 76 yards,  
9 pieces and remnants,  
22 Hones;  
2 Powder Flasks;  
13 Butcher Knives.

Nov. 8, 1862.

J. D. Fitzgerald,  
Auctioneer.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, November 22, 1862, p. 1, c. 1  
Camp Rodgers, Miss., Nov. 7<sup>th</sup>, 1862.

I hereby detail Captain w. S. Haven and Sergeant Stuckey, to go to the State of Arkansas to procure winter clothing and such other articles of bedding as can be had, having lost nearly all of our bedding and clothing on the retreat from Corinth—we are left nearly destitute of comfortable clothing for the winter. I hope our friends at home will send us articles as they can conveniently spare. Clothing from Hempstead county can be deposited at Washington for transportation. From Hot Spring at Rockport. From Perry and Pulaski at the store of Jacob Hawkins, in Little Rock, by the 30<sup>th</sup> November.

James H. Fletcher, Lt. Col.

Comd'g 20<sup>th</sup> Ark. Reg't of Infantry, Holly Springs.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, November 22, 1862, p. 2, c. 3

Wood for the Poor! Wood for the Poor!

The undersigned wishes to buy from one to two hundred cords of wood for the poor, to be delivered, during the winter, as he may direct. Any one having wood to sell, would do good by supplying a part of this contract. Persons destitute of wood and unable to pay for it, must make application for relief, so that their wants may be supplied as far as possible.

Thos. R. Welch.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, November 29, 1862, p. 1, c. 1

It gives us pleasure to state, as we now do, that the Ladies of Little Rock have taken the initiative in sending their woolen garments, flannel petticoats, etc., to the ordnance officer to be used in the manufacture of cannon cartridges. They deserve great credit, for the spirit of unselfish patriotism by which they have been actuated, and we hope that their example will be the means of arousing a feeling of emulation throughout our confines, and the ordnance department will have an ample supply of the material necessary to prosecute their labors.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, November 29, 1862, p. 1, c. 1

Quite a number of the people of this State labor under the misapprehension, damaging to themselves in the extreme, that there are restrictions now placed upon the prices of various kinds of Produce. Such is not the case, or else we would not see the practices which are seen almost every day in this city. Men bring in their Potatoes and sell them at \$2, \$2,50 and \$3 per bushel. Flour is sold at \$20 and even \$25 per hundred, and every other article of Produce sold at the like high rates. Under these circumstances, the man who holds wheat in Saline county, should not [be] under the impression that he is compelled to sell at \$1,50 per bushel, dispose of it at that rate, when five bushels of his wheat made into Flour, would bring him \$30, or \$40, or probably \$50, if brought to this place. The spirit of extortion lives in our midst—it waxes strong in our highways, has its being in the great stores of the emporium, and at the little counter of the village shop, but it is our opinion, while we deprecate the feeling that draws its existence from the life-blood of the Confederacy, that if one man has a right to sell his Produce or his goods, at exorbitant [sic] rates, wrung often from the widow of the soldier, whose soul has entered heaven through the portals of martyrdom, that all have the same right, and that there is no restriction.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, December 6, 1862, p. 1, c. 1

During the past week there has been a better supply of what there is in the country offering, than for some time past. *Beef* has been sold by the quarter at 8 to 10 cents; and some small lots of *Pork* have been coming in, generally at 20 cents. Engagements however are being made for large meat, later in the season at 12½ to 15 cents, and in some cases as low as 10 cents. There is no scarcity of *Port* in the country, and the great demand of salt will cause it to fall to a proper level. *Corn Meal* is in good demand at \$1 25 to \$1 75 per bushel; *Dried Peaches* from \$3 50 to \$4 per bushel; *Chickens* are sold at \$12 to \$15 per dozen; *Eggs* at \$1 per dozen; and *Butter* at 75 to \$1 per pound; *Flour* (none offering) at \$20 to \$25 per 100 pounds.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, December 6, 1862, p. 1, c. 1

We find the following in the East Texas Times:

A few days since a case of small-pox made its appearance in our sister town of Rusk. The subject was removed from the town and placed in an unoccupied house. In a short time he died. Instead of burying him the building was set on fire and corpse and all consumed together.

It is difficult for us to believe that the citizens of Rusk would sanction such barbarism as this to the remains of the dead, and we hope the affair will receive some explanation that will relieve them from the censure that must otherwise rest upon them.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, December 6, 1862, p. 1, c. 2

A Formidable Land "Monitor."—Mr. Redstone, of Indianapolis, proposes to build, for the Government, nine "Land Monitors," or "engines of war," to cost \$900 a piece, to weigh 1,800 pounds each, 25 horse engine and all, with coal, water, ammunition, knives, &c., including the above weight. Each to be handled by two men; to discharge from each 10,000 shots in half an hour; to be capable of running twenty miles an hour over any grade less than 45 deg.; to be perfectly manageable in turning, climbing or descending; to clear more obstructions from artillery roads than five hundred men; to reap the rebels clear by divisions; to resist canister, grape and small shot. The inventor (Mr. Redstone) says: "I propose to engineer the advance car myself; to risk all the government can risk—my life—each man in the nation can only do this. I also propose to furnish patterns of the engine, free of cost, on our plan. Now, if any doubt of my ability to accomplish the above, I refer them to what I have accomplished in mechanical invention. If any doubt of my sincerity, I can only answer I have too deep sympathy for the cause of my country to propose anything I am not willing to execute."

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, December 6, 1862, p. 1, c. 4

We last week published a list of the Acts passed up [to] that time. We subjoin now, from the *True Democrat*, the remainder of the list: . . .

An act to encourage the manufacture of salt, iron, and cotton cards.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, December 13, 1862, p. 1, c. 1

The Produce market has been better supplied this week, than at any time this Fall. *Pork* has been coming in, and going off rapidly at 20 to 25 cents; *Chickens* at \$9 to \$12 per dozen; Live Turkeys at \$3 to \$4 each; *Butter* at \$1; *Flour* has been offering in large quantities—on Thursday, we saw no less than five different wagon-loads—some offering as low as \$22 50 per hundred, but \$25 per hundred was the ruling price; *Corn Meal*, notwithstanding the immense crop of corn that have been made, ruled at \$1 75 per bushel, and scarce at that. *Salt* commands \$25 per bushel, or 50 cents per pound. There is no *Sugar* in the city offering, but a merchant of the city has a heavy stock purchased, which will reach him in a few days, and will be sold at reasonable figures; *Molasses*, a superior article, commands \$1 50 per gallon.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, December 13, 1862, p. 1, c. 1

The U. S. Government Military Ten Manufactory in Cincinnati, turned out in the five days ending the 22d November, ult., an aggregate of 1,062 bell tents, 684 wall tents and flies, 350 common tents, and 61 hospital tents.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, December 13, 1862, p. 1, c. 1

An effort is now being made in this city, by the charitable ladies, to procure a sufficient sum by subscription, to furnish the poor with salt.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, December 20, 1862, p. 1, c. 2

The heavy rains in the earlier portion of the week have had the effect of lessening the

amount of Produce offering for sale in the city this week. We have seen no *Flour* offering; *Corn Meal* is still held at from \$1 25 to \$1 75 per bushel; *Butter* commands readily 75 to \$1 00 per pound; and *Eggs* are scarce at 75 to \$1 00 per dozen; *Chickens* vary in price from \$8 to \$12 per dozen. We have heard of no *Pork* offering; and *Beef* rules at the old price 8 to 10 cents, by the quarter. Very few *Sweet Potatoes* coming in—indeed, there is a general dearth of vegetables.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, December 20, 1862, p. 1, c. 2

A soldier, a citizen of Texas, writes home from camp, in Arkansas, as follows:

"My wife writes that she has endeavored to get some wood chopped, but could not succeed, and that in consequence she has suffered with cold. I think it strange that where there are so many negroes no one can be found that would spare a negro to chop a load of wood for a poor soldier's wife. I wish you would see to this, and not let her suffer."

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, December 27, 1862, p. 2, c. 2

Notice to Soldiers' Families.—All families of soldiers in the Confederate service, living in Big Rock Township, who are in indigent circumstances and need the aid appropriated by the State for their support, will report to the clerk of Pulaski county, or before the 2d Monday in January, 1863. 1<sup>st</sup>. The name of soldier in full. 2d. County from which he entered the service. 3d. Reg't in which he has served or is serving. 4<sup>th</sup>. Whether in service, dead, or discharged. 5<sup>th</sup>. Names of family. 6<sup>th</sup>. Ages of family. 7<sup>th</sup>. Relationship of soldier.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, January 3, 1863, p. 1, c. 1

*Pork* has been selling generally during the past ten days at 20 to 25 cents—the butchers retailing at 40 cents. We have not heard of any *Flour* offering, and Produce of all kinds is very scarce.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, January 3, 1863, p. 1, c. 1

On Monday last J. D. Fitzgerald, Esq., sold a pocket of Mocha Coffee, and several sacks of Liverpool Salt. The coffee was bit off at \$6.80 per pound—the salt at \$80 per bushel. Gentlemen throughout the State, who have a surplus of these articles would do well to make a note of this.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, January 17, 1863, p. 1, c. 1

Yesterday was to all intents and purposes the coldest day we have had for several years, and we are glad to notice the fact that the Clothing Bureau was issuing new and warmer clothing and good shoes to all of the Army that required them.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, January 24, 1863, p. 2, c. 2

Destitution of Southwestern Arkansas.—An army correspondent of the Chicago Journal, writing under date of November 19<sup>th</sup>, gives the following gloomy picture of the state of affairs in Southwestern Arkansas:

I have just returned from a scout through the Cherokee country. You will understand our location when I tell you that we are about one mile from the Cherokee line, sixty miles north of the Arkansas river, near Bang's Mills. I find the country, the whole distance from here to Tahlequah, Park Hill, and on to Fort Gibson, one complete desolation, and still further on across the bridges, rivers and through the whole Creek country, north of the Arkansas river, nothing

remains but one barren waste. The country is deserted and given up to the destroyer—war.

Over seven hundred persons followed our scouts into camp, many of them the families of absconded rebels. They came from necessity. Starvation stares them in the face. The few bushels of corn that they have hid away in the cellars or garrets, for family bread, are seized and consumed by the scouting parties of one army or the other. This was their last hope, and when it is gone, they too must go where they can get bread. In the vicinity of Tahlequah, the most fertile part of the country, there cannot be found a single feed of corn. The hogs and cattle are nearly all gone, and one might as well look in the traveled roads as in the fields for forage. Naked and half starved children, women, White, Indian, or black, our into our lines for bread. Bread is now the cry. The evil genius of war has come at last—famine. There is no mistaking it—it is here, and these ignorant, deluded creatures are fleeing from it as from some terrible pestilence. The same work of destruction is going on throughout the whole State of Arkansas, and when the two armies consume the bread, which will soon be done, her people too must flee or starve. They have become satisfied that to go farther South is but another step to more certain destruction. In less than three months the two armies will consume all the corn in the country.

The people of the free States have not yet tasted the horrors of war. Let us hope that they never will.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, January 24, 1863, p. 2, c. 2

St. Mary's Academy,  
Little Rock, Arkansas.  
Under the Charge of the Sisters of Mercy.

The second session of St. Mary's Academy, will commence its Academic course on the first Monday in February, 1863, charges for the various branches, as follows:

Terms:

Board and Tuition per Session of five months      \$100 00

Day Scholars Per Session.

First Class	\$16 00
Second	14 00
Third	12 00
Fourth	10 00

Extras Per Session.

Music and the use of the Piano	\$18 00
Vocal ditto	12 00
Guitar	12 00
Italian	12 00
French	12 00
Painting in Water Colors	10 00

German, Antique and Velvet do	15 00
All sorts of useful and ornamental needle-work	10 00
Leather-work, per single lesson	1 00
Washing	7 00
Physician's Fee	2 00
Stationery	2 50
Use of Bedding	3 00

All communications addressed to the  
 Mother Superior, Convent of Mercy,  
 Little Rock, Arkansas,

January 24, 1863.

[Issues skip from February 21, 1863 to June 13, 1863.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, June 13, 1863, p. 2, c. 1

Not to Be Tolerated.—It is really shameful to notice the disgraceful manner in which some houses are treated, in which soldiers have been camped. We hear of many complaints. Can such a state of affairs last long without a check? This idea of taking possession of a person's house, in the city, destroying it before the owner's eyes, is despotic. Well may we exclaim, "Oh, Lord save me from my friends; my enemies I can manage." With all the reports of the Federals destroying property in the late raid upon Alexandria, we are told that but little damage was done. [Shreveport News, 2d.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, June 20, 1863, p. 1, c. 1

We are indebted to Mr. Navra, of Main Street, for a bottle of Lemon Syrup—an extra fine article, which he manufactures expressly for his friends.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, June 20, 1863, p. 2, c. 2

Trafficking with the Enemy—Speculation and Extortion.—The least patriotic, and the most dangerous, sign of the times, is exhibited in the mania which possesses a portion of our people for trafficking with the enemy, which, more than any thing else, nay, more than all other causes combined, panders to the malign spirits of Speculation and Extortion. Fortunate is it for us that the great mass of our people are sufferers and losers by the existing state of affairs; if they were gainers, all true patriots would fervently, and from their hearts, say "Good Lord deliver us," and the country, from—ourselves: as it is, the good and the patriotic pray—"lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from the evil" of becoming speculators and extortioners, especially on the necessities of the poor, and the families of the absent, patriot, soldier.

Our circumscribed limits compel us to allude only in the briefest manner to the evils of which we have spoken.

Traffickers with the enemy have a direct interest in depreciating the funds of our government at home, for the cheaper they get our funds, the more they make in their exchange for those of the enemy.

Merchandise brought from the enemy's lines does not good to the people: it meets not their demands and supplies nor their wants: it comes in such small quantities as to make a luxury almost unprocurable in its character: when brought, it is put up at auction, where traitors and weaked-backed [sic] patriots vie with each other in showing which attaches the least value to our

currency, by giving the most extravagant amounts of it for comparatively nothing.

A farmer or a market man comes to town and finds calicoes, which, ordinarily, sold, in this market, before the war, at 10 to 20 cents, selling from \$3 to \$5 a yard, and other things in proportion! He buys nothing; for his wife and daughters spin, weave, and make his clothes; he tans the leather and makes his own shoes, and, if necessary, makes himself a cap from the skin of a coon or a fox; but though he buys nothing, he feels justified in putting the prices of horses, cattle, beef, bacon, pork, meal, flour, indeed, of every thing he raises or makes for sale, up to rates corresponding with those for which merchandise sells. The consequence is, extortionate prices; sellers fill their pockets with money; it is extorted from the necessities of the people; and is crushingly oppressive on the poor, especially on those women and children whose natural protectors and supporters are in the army, and defending the country from the enemy.

Trade with the enemy has a demoralising [sic] tendency and effect, not only on those engaged in it, but on all within the sphere of their influence. If they make money by the war, it is their interest to oppose all things tending to peace. Besides, its advantages are not mutual—the advantages enure [sic] to the enemy—the disadvantages are with, and the burthens upon, our own people. We will not say that all persons who go into the enemy's lines, and bring out goods, take the oath to support the Lincoln government; but we believe a great majority of them do. The Yankees are not apt to give the monopoly of trade with us to their known enemies—such advantages are more apt to be reserved to themselves or bestowed upon their friends. How many traffickers with the enemy who were our professed friends, when they had to be conscripted, deserted, and are now at Memphis in the Federal detective police, or in other positions where they play the spy and informer on our people?

It needs no argument to prove, to an intelligent mind, that trafficking with the enemy is, of necessity, demoralising [sic] in its tendency. Besides the corrupting hope of gain which always accompanies it, their agents, pimps, and spies are admitted among us under its pretexts and pretences. Philip, of Macedon, made it his boast that he could [illegible] any city whose gates were broad enough to admit a mule laden with gold: In words and practice he was a Yankee.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, June 27, 1863, p. 1, c. 2

From Sevier County.—

Paralifta, June 16, 1863.

I was delighted to greet my old friend the Gazette once more, and although its visage is bronzed from the effects of the cruel war, yet do I find its vigor unimpaired, and that it bids fair to long survive, dealing manly blows of defence [sic] of the right, and against humbuggery.

Within the past week I have enjoyed an excess of pleasure. The fair ladies of Sevier had wrought with their own hands a beautiful Confederate flag, designed for Capt. Hamilton's company of mounted (Choctaw) Riflemen, and proposed it should be presented in due form. Accordingly a large number of ladies and gentlemen started on Wednesday last for the Nation, I among the rest. After an interesting jaunt, on the second day we reached our destination, unfortunately to find, from a misunderstanding, that our arrival was almost a surprise, and that unless we remained several days, our mission would be in part a failure. Not once have we regretted our determination to remain, for the unbounded hospitality displayed won our hearts, and caused to be treasured in their inmost recesses feelings of the most grateful nature. All doors were opened, and the most beautiful tables spread, that my eyes have beheld since the former times. We spent our time in sight seeing, and learning the war dance; and becoming acquainted

with the people and their ways. Let me here render a faint tribute to my esteemed friend Col. Pitchlynn, at whose house we made our headquarters. He is truly a gentleman of the old school, now so rare, and, in keeping with this, exerted himself to the utmost to make us happy, and in this was entirely successful. May he long survive to dispense his liberal hospitality.

Saturday morning came, beautiful and inspiring patriotic thoughts, and with it came the companies of Capts. Pitchlynn and Hamilton, all painted for the occasion. The Choctaw ladies were on hand in numbers, and everything wore an enlivening appearance. We mingled among the people and smoked the pipe of peace.

About 3 o'clock the two companies filed into the play ground of the Academy, where a platform had been erected, and in front of it arranged themselves in double line. Their arrival was preceded by terrific yells, which would have struck terror into the Northern hosts, if heard. Our ladies, stationed themselves on the platform, where Miss M. E. Davis, in behalf of her companions, made the presentation in chaste and suitable language. Col. Pitchlynn, using his remarkable powers of memory, immediately translated the address, and also the eloquent speech of the Captain. All passed off well, and we felt that we had intrusted [sic] our flag into safe hands. I must mention its peculiarity. In addition to the usual thirteen stars, the last enclosed a beautiful cross and two stars to represent the Indian delegations in Congress.

The presentation was followed by dances of various kinds, in which our ladies and gentlemen took part, much to the delight and amusement of the Choctaws.

When at last we were forced to leave, the two companies arranged themselves on the sides of the road and gave us the parting salute. I believe much good will have been accomplished by this excursion. The Choctaws said it seemed heretofore as if we did not care for them, but that now they know better, and feel that our cause is one. They will fall to a man, before they surrender their flag.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, July 4, 1863, p. 1, c. 3

To the Editor of the Gazette: As newspapers are generally deemed appropriate *media* through which to commune with the public and sound the alarm of impending dangers, I have selected yours to bring notice evils and immoralities, that are rapidly springing up in our midst and attaining such huge proportions—a moral *fungi*—that something should and *must* be done to arrest the degrading tendency of practice never before recognized or tolerated in a Southern community.

I have been credibly informed, by eye-witnesses, that on Sabbath last there were some three hundred, or more of our most respectable *superiors*—the darkies—assembled in one of our most public thoroughfares and almost literally blockading it, for the purpose of running a grand quarter-race, on which large sums of money were bet. The sable gentry, the while, indulging in the most vociferous swearing, swaggering and quarreling. Has it come to this, that the white race and particularly the proud Southron, had yielded the supremacy to the *slave*, and will allow him, with impunity, to desecrate the most sacred institutions of which we boast as a civilized and refined people?

Upon this subject it is your duty as well as mine and every other citizen to speak out boldly and fearlessly, and seize and arrest the evil and bring *masters* and slaves to condign punishment.

Vigilans.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, July 4, 1863, p. 2, c. 3

Wanted.

Ninety Carpenters (Ship Carpenters preferred;)  
6 Blacksmiths;  
6 Strikers;  
6 Bricklayers.

Good wages will be paid for good workmen. Apply to

R. P. Meads, Naval Constructor.

Box G—Post Office.

Little Rock, July 3, 1863.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, July 11, 1863, p. 1, c. 1

The publication of the *True Democrat* has been suspended until a supply of paper can be procured, which we hope may be in a very short time. The numerous readers of that paper will miss and regret it, and the country needs its services.

[Issues skip from July 11, 1863, to August 22, 1863]

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, August 29, 1863, p. 1, c. 1

Headquarters District of Arkansas,  
Medical Purveyor's Office,  
Little Rock, Aug. 27, 1863.

To the Ladies of Little Rock—

The Medical Department of the Army is almost entirely destitute of "Bandages," "Lint," "old soft rags," &c. A battle is imminent and we cannot be supplied with the articles mentioned without your aid.

Let all who are disposed to assist in providing comforts for our soldiers proceed *at once* to making bandages, collecting clean soft rags, and deposit them with Mrs. Dr. Adams, who will deliver them to the proper medical officers.

We are confident this appeal will not be made in vain.

J. B. Bond, Surgeon  
and Medical Purveyor District of Ark.

[LITTLE ROCK] WEEKLY ARKANSAS GAZETTE, August 29, 1863, p. 1, c. 2

Defend Your Families and Homes.—Now is the time for every man who can carry a gun to do his duty. The enemy, numbering about thirteen thousand, are threatening the Capital of the State. Our soldiers are brave and true and confident of their ability to defend the place and repel the enemy. But the stronger our force the greater are our chances for entire, complete victory. Arms will be put into the hands of all who will aid in the impending battle. Let every one go who can [illegible] a gun. The difference of a few men, on the one side or the other, may determine a battle. In the event of disaster, which we do not expect, how degradingly bitter would defeat be to a people aware of the fact that the calamity was brought upon them by a failure to do their share. And, if our arms be successful, as we believe they will be, a citizen can leave no prouder legacy to those who come after him than the knowledge that, in the hour of need, he did a soldier's duty in defending the homes of women and children whose husbands, fathers, and protectors are battling in our cause elsewhere.

Let no man undertake to fight on his own hook, but attach himself to some disciplined organization. Let all diffuse themselves through the different commands; Thus they may not only occupy the space, but do the service of veterans.

[Issues skip from August 29, 1863 to May 13, 1865]